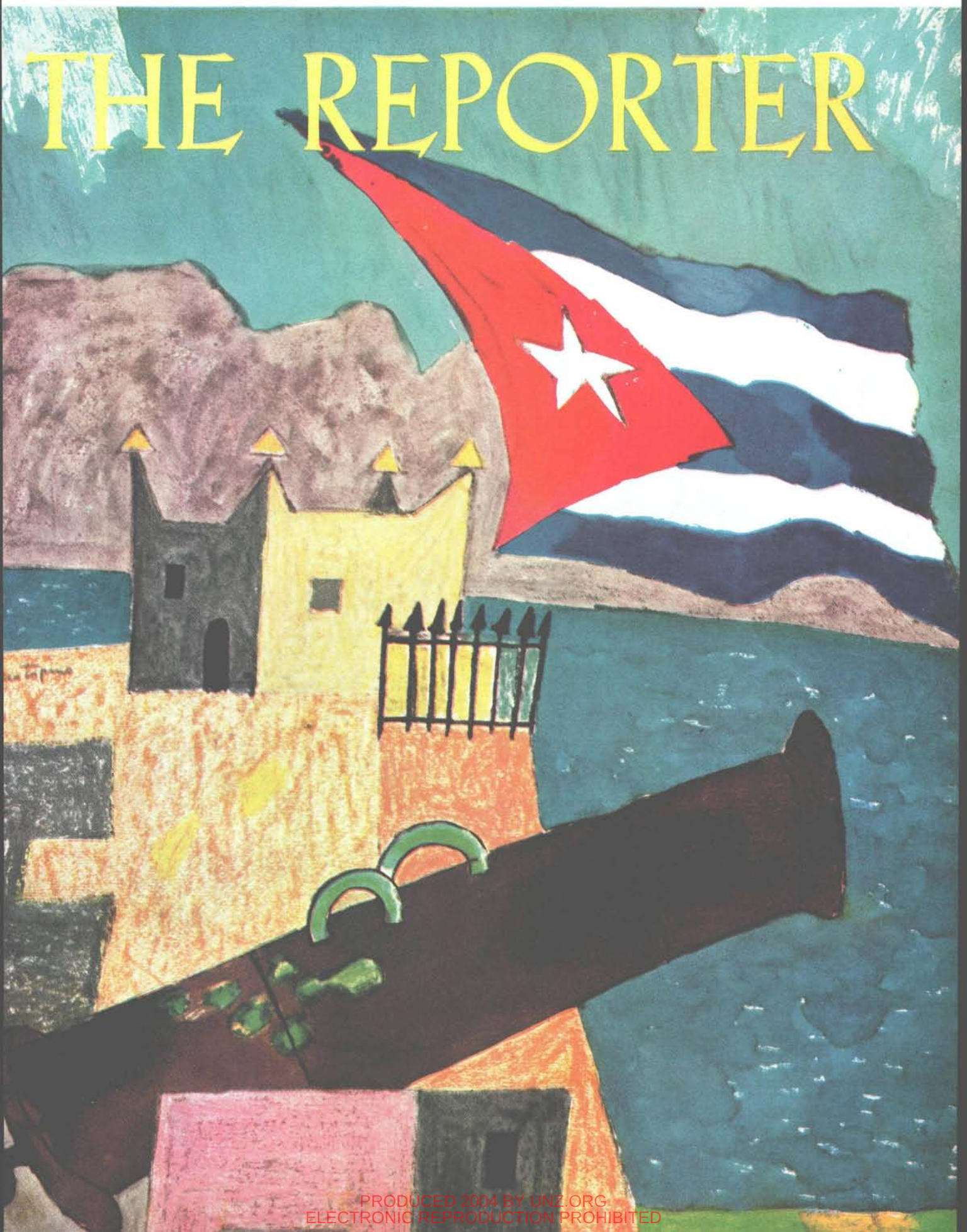
Cuba: The Runaway Revolution

May 12, 1960 25¢

What Kind of Monument for F.D.R.?

THE REPORTER



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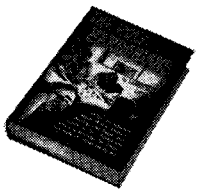

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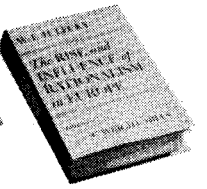

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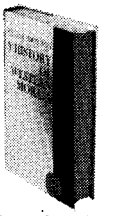

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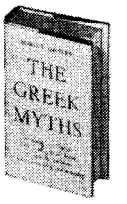

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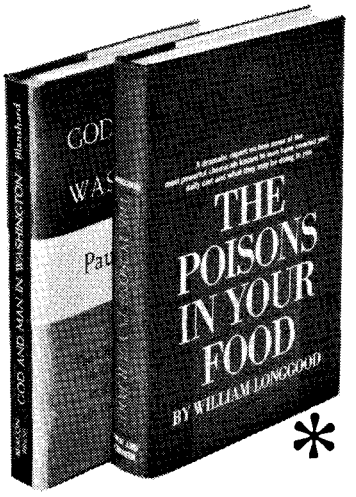

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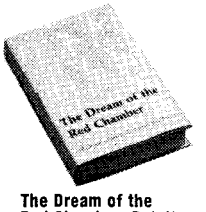

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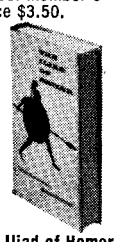

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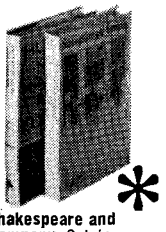

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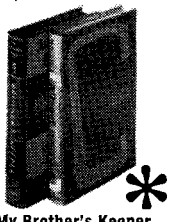

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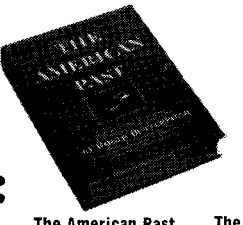

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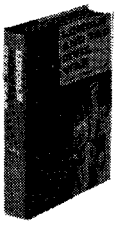

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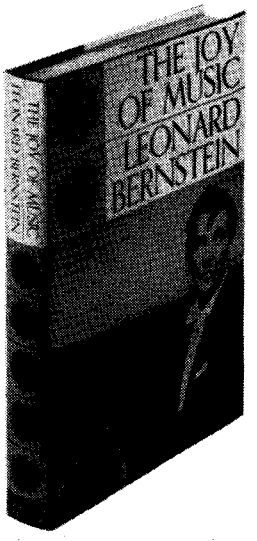

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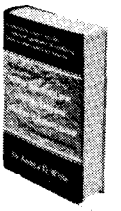

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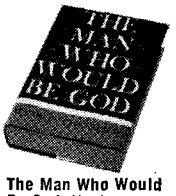

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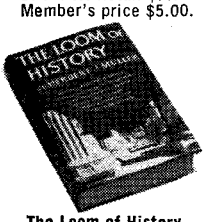

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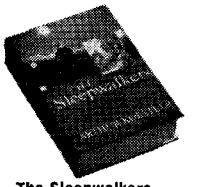

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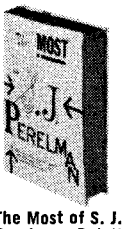

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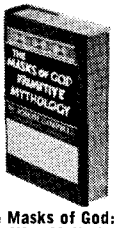

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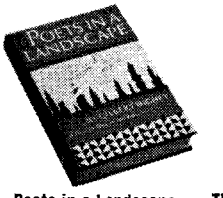

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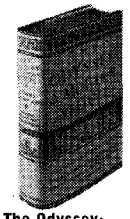

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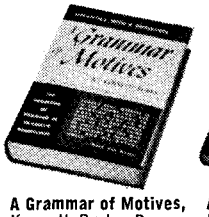

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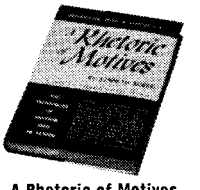

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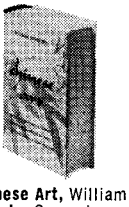

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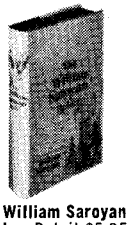

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

This Is East Germany

WE WILL HAVE something to say about the summit in our next issue, but this time we prefer to bring to the attention of our readers a compelling and strangely overlooked fact: what its Communist masters have done to that section of Germany they like to call "The German Democratic Republic." An article by George Bailey tells us how precarious, how rickety, is the vaunted economic upsurge of East Germany, and what a price the people there are paying so that their economy can be refurbished as spic-and-span evidence of a hundred-per-cent socialized state.

This has been done in preparation for the summit, to impress the whole world and particularly the West. How can the West be so remiss as not to comply and take a good look at East Germany? Moreover, it is with this German Democratic Republic, Khrushchev has been saying over and over again, that he is going to sign a peace treaty, and although he is kind enough not to present us with an ultimatum, he certainly has faced us with what seems to be a gentlemanly substitute for an ultimatum: blackmail. The blackmail couldn't be any clearer: When I recognize the German Democratic Republic as a free and sovereign state, he says, then it will cut off your communications with Berlin. And then, he has never stopped saying, it will be war.

Khrushchev not only doesn't want war, but insists that he wishes nothing more for Germany than its ultimate unification. However, he is a scrupulous believer in the people's right to manage their internal affairs. In his recent Azerbaijan speech he said: "The reunification of Germany is the Germans' own affair and they have not asked us to concern ourselves with their internal affair, gave us no such powers. Even if the Germans asked the four powers to do so, we would have to decline such a request because the question of the reunification of Germany can be decided only by the Germans themselves . . ."

So the representatives of the two Germanys should sit together and put their house in order. Never mind their rather different records, or what they have done to gain the top jobs in the two sections of the country. They all have a great deal in common; they all are Germans, aren't they? We regret to say that a few eminent Americans have talked about the reunification of Germany as something that can be brought about by just such a quiet, systematic collusion between democracy and tyranny.

As we see it, the difference between the two Germanys is appalling. The one led by Adenauer is—sometimes haltingly, always painfully, but nevertheless unceasingly—moving away from a horrid past. Ulbricht's section of the country is still the living evidence of how cruel some Germans can be to other Germans.

Khrushchev is a stubborn man—in his own jolly way, a sort of elephant. He has not given up, and certainly he will not give up at the summit, and after the summit: He wants to have the "abnormal situation of West Berlin" corrected, and wants the two Germanys free to decide on what terms they can be reunited. Khrushchev has his own ideas on the subject: he has said over and over again that the socialist conquests in East Germany cannot possibly be given up. George Bailey's article offers us a description of these latest conquests.

Our President does not seem to be disturbed. There is no ultimatum. The freedom of West Berlin and of West Germany—maybe even peace—can be maintained by borrowing time, at usurer's interest rates, from Khrushchev. There might be what is called an "interim agreement" on West Berlin.

IS KHRUSHCHEV serious? Maybe he is not. He is such a jolly facetious character. Or maybe, as it is said, he has troubles of his own, with Mao and the ghost of Stalin haunting him. But we do not feel that the leaders of the West should be Khrushchev's keeper. They should let him know that great things can certainly be achieved at the summit, particularly in the reduction of armaments. But if he insists on playing his familiar tune about West Berlin and the reunification of Germany, if his aim is to have that country as a whole enjoy the blessings of the German Democratic Republic, then the leaders of the West might as well let him know that they don't see any sense in wasting time at the summit.

BLIGHT ON BLIGHT

". . . Young painters picketed the Museum of Modern Art . . . to protest its preference for abstract works."—New York Times.

Hear the rebels giving tongue,
Painters panting to be hung,
Turning worms against the blight
Of black on black and white on white,
Against the splash, against the dribble,
Against the psychopathic scribble;
Demanding space upon the wall
For something less conventional.

—SEC.

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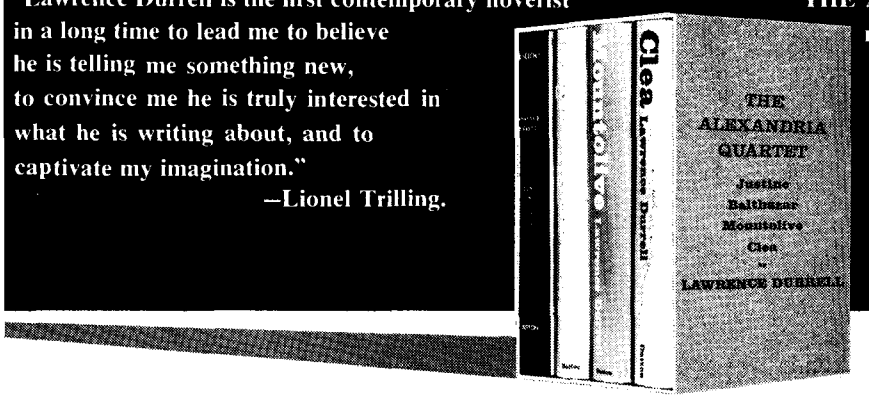

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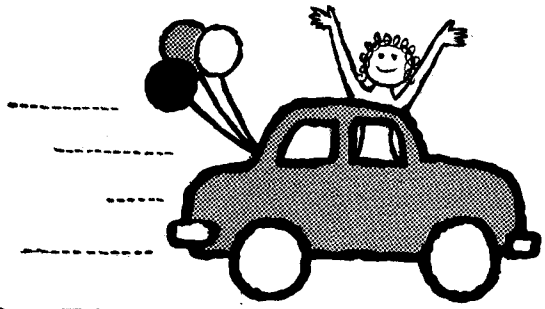

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A Day In West Virginia

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THE DAILY CYCLE for candidate Kennedy reaches its peak in the evening with what Henry Adams once called "the dance of democracy." In Wheeling, nearly two thousand people pack themselves into a hotel ballroom built to accommodate seven hundred for more conventional forms of dancing. Now they move past the tall, slender young senator and his exotic wife, setting their own rhythms, averaging not quite twenty a minute if you allow for the two out of twenty who want an autograph as well as a handclasp. One elderly gent, squinting up the barrel of a dead cigar, comes past twice. Others hurry by, scarcely raising their eyes to the senator's, obviously embarrassed at claiming this inalienable right of Americans to paw a Presidential candidate.

It is nearly two hours before the ordeal is over. But the senator, his once ailing back evidently recast of iron, never even shifts from one foot to the other. Unlike Estes Kefauver, still the champion among marathon handshakers, Kennedy does not perform deadpan. He really appears to see each passerby and to allocate, however briefly, a portion of his inexhaustible attention span. Mrs. Kennedy, like any ordinary mortal, has trouble. Midway, she yields and gracefully exits.

The flight to Beckley, about 170 miles to the south, is delayed, and it is well after midnight when we arrive, nearly one o'clock when we finally check into the small hotel. For this reason the dawn visitation to a nearby factory gate is canceled. Instead the tour gets under way at an unusually late eight-thirty. Throughout the unseasonably warm Spring day the Greyhound wends its way along the mountain roads, stopping for brief speeches shouted from the roof of a malfunctioning sound car (American technology has yet to devise a foolproof loudspeaker system), stopping at television stations where prepackaged panels

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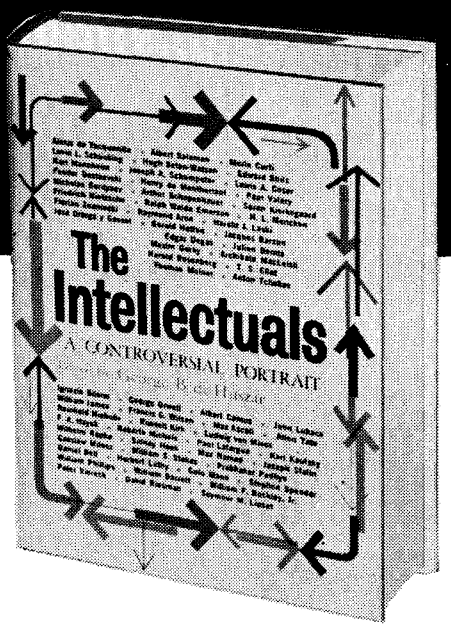

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'No one has ever called me an intellectual in my presence."—*Bertrand Russell*

Why do American intellectuals complain on the one hand of being "alienated" and on the other hand of being "forced to conform" (and could they be wrong on both counts)?...Why are the avant-garde magazines no longer avant garde?...Have the benefits of the welfare state turned intellectuals (like juvenile delinquents) into rebels without a cause?...Why are the intellectuals of Asia so proficient at liberating their countries and such failures at solving their problems afterwards? Are American intellectuals underpaid (and if so, what are European intellectuals so envious about)?...Is the Age of Specialization transforming the intellectual into a learned Ignoramus? These are just a few of the intellectual phenomena studied, diagnosed and dissected with delightful erudition, and with utterly fascinating frankness that leaves the 600 pages of THE INTELLECTUALS strewn with the broken bits of fallen idols and the bleached bones of sacred cows.

'To be too conscious is an illness."
—*Dostoevsky*

It took some of the world's most famous intellectuals to write this book (who else would have dared?). Albert Camus, T. S. Eliot, Raymond Aron, Harold J. Laski, Sidney Hook, Stephen Spender, and Reinhold Niebuhr are just a few of them. Together they do for the intelligentsia something akin to what Audubon did for ornithology and Gibbon did for the Roman Empire.

It will be seen that these scholarly dignitaries often end up in a rowdy disagreement among themselves. They let loose the kind of critical crossfire that makes intellectual history—and makes THE INTELLECTUALS one of the most quotable and controversial books of 1960.

From the ivory towers, coffee houses, classrooms, editorial boards, galleries, and laboratories of the world, this outspoken book draws the authentic image of the intellectual in all his aspects. Every species from the Encyclopaedist to the Existentialist is covered (and uncovered)...the poets and philosophers and scientists, the artists (are they intellectuals?), the critics and New Critics, the educators...the whole incredible gamut of political theorizers: Socialists, fellow-travelers, nihilists, anarchists, populists, Old Bolsheviks, New Conservatives, fascists (they had their intellectuals, too).

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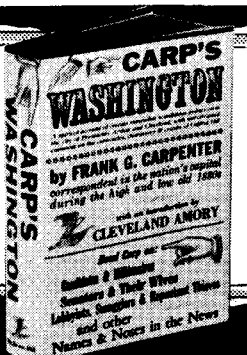
"A delightful and charming picture of the national capital in the eighties. Not only does it illuminate with a thousand human details a little-known period of our history, but it proves that the more Washington changes, the more it is the same thing – and that for those who love it, as Frank Carpenter obviously did, nothing is quite so fascinating as this fantastic, wonderful town."



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await to ply their questions, stopping at high-school gymnasiums and often wherever two or three are gathered together by the roadside. The candidate mounts and dismounts his bus as though it were a charger. He sits just behind the driver, conferring between stops with aides or reporters. His only outward act of preparation is to thrust a comb through his no longer unruly hair.

Most of the day is spent south of the Kanawha River in what is a critical section of West Virginia for Kennedy. It is coal-mining country, an impoverished area where large numbers of the long-underemployed labor force, despairing of any kind of Point Four assistance, have turned to migration. It is a religious region where not only the traditional Protestant denominations but also the bedrock fundamentalist brotherhoods abound. Among the Kennedy entourage there is a professor of religion from an Eastern university who means to take soundings among these Pentecostal sects to determine how deep is their present-day resistance to a Catholic candidate.

The day's journey provides few meaningful clues. Here and there a sign tacked to a tree—"Christ Died for the Ungodly"—serves as reminder of where we are. But mainly the bursting spring foliage conceals even the poverty of the surroundings. A pear tree in flower softens the meanest hovel.

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It leads him to a second reason why the nation's attention is focused on West Virginia. "The matter of where I go to church" is a theme newly adopted for this primary. Sometimes Kennedy raises the issue himself in his formal remarks; sometimes he waits to have it raised during the question period; or, if no

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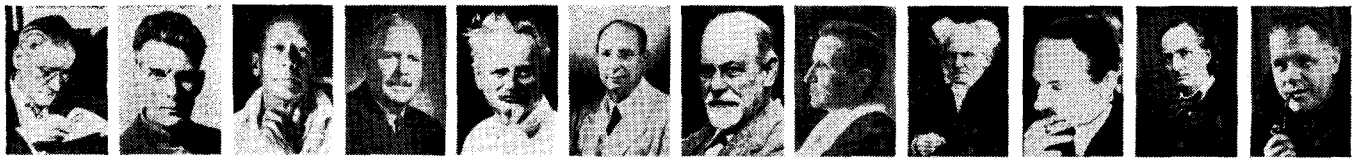

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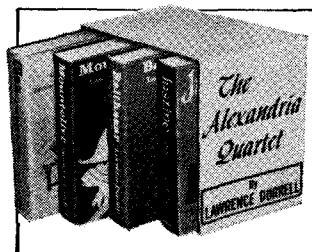

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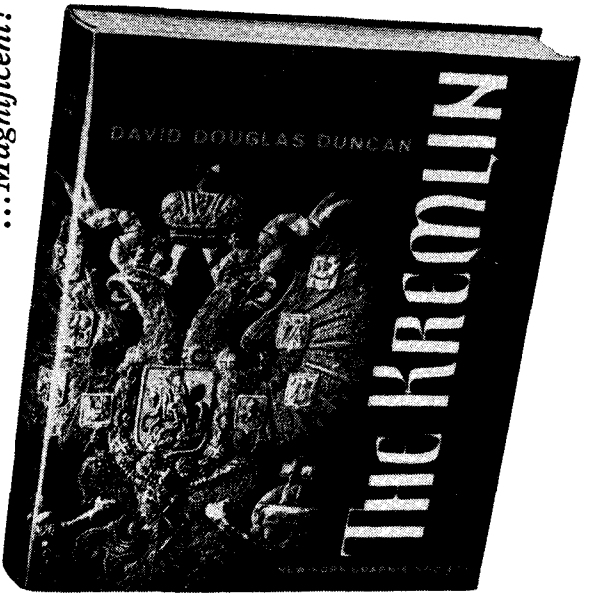

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one asks, he brings up the question himself.

His answer is long and loose-jointed. He begins right off with the historic and Constitutional foundations for separation of religion and politics in America. He lists his "coreligionists" both in this country and elsewhere who have served in high office without ecclesiastical hindrance. He emphasizes that Papal orders would be neither given nor listened to. He cites the patriotic and public-service record of himself and his brothers (curiously never mentioning Papa Kennedy's services) and declares, with the faintest touch of irony, that he cannot believe he was precluded at birth from holding the highest office in the land. Finally, having seized the issue by the scruff of the neck, he seeks to chuck it out of the primary altogether. "I am going to live and die as a member of my church, but the problems of West Virginia will be here long after I've left the state," he announces flatly. He usually gets prolonged applause.

The turnouts are certainly not discouraging to the candidate. But these are only faces in the crowd of those who have come out to see for themselves. The reporter and the politician are constantly aware of the silent homes along the way where a great many people are making up their minds for reasons that can only be guessed at.

It is nearly midnight when the comfortably appointed Kennedy plane departs for Washington. Right after the take-off, the senator leaves his wife reading a book and comes forward to have soup and a sandwich with the reporters. He appears neither elated nor depressed by the day's activities. He candidly admits that the decision to enter West Virginia was a mistake, made as a result of the early uncertainty in Wisconsin and an unduly optimistic poll taken in this state by his adviser Lou Harris. It would have been smarter, in hindsight, to enter the California primary. He will be highly satisfied, he says, if he can win the same forty-four per cent "victory" that Humphrey claims he won in their Wisconsin contest. Though Kennedy doesn't concede as much, this is the talk of a front runner who feels the pack close upon his heels.

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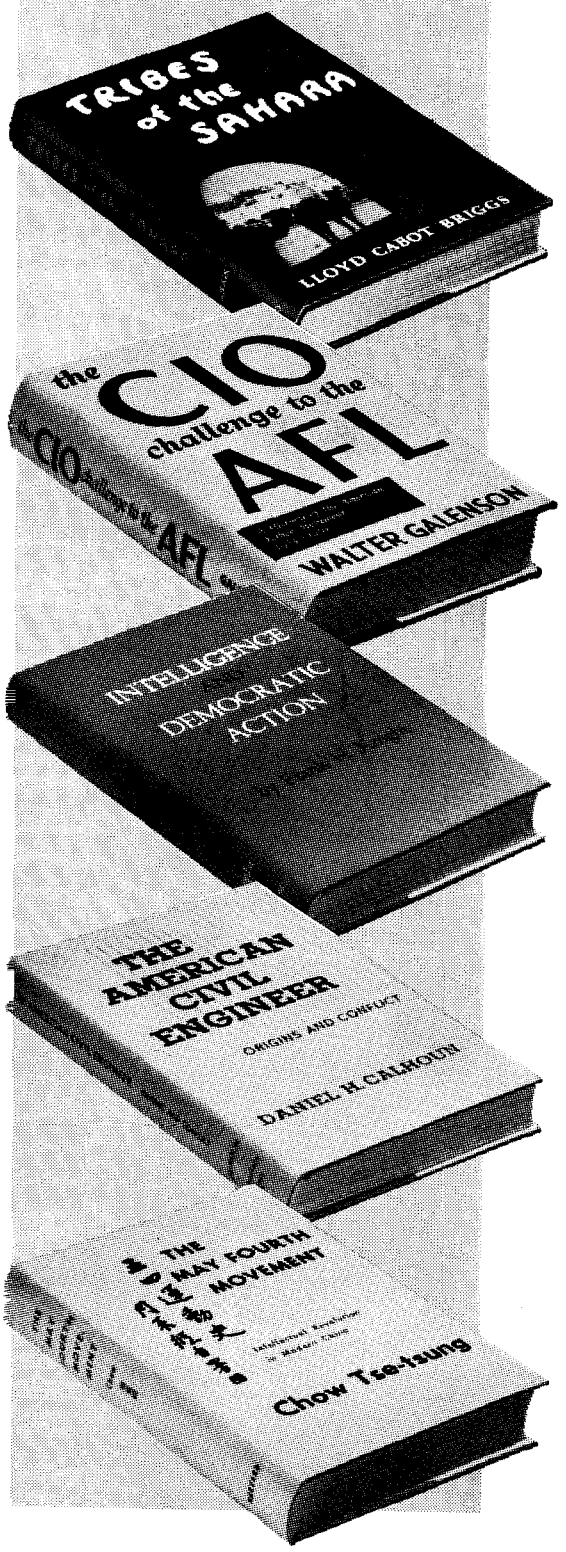

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CORRESPONDENCE

HIGHWAY CHAOS

To the Editor: Congratulations on your editorial introducing the article on "New Roads and Urban Chaos," by Daniel P. Moynihan in the April 14 *Reporter*. Moynihan's article provides a much-needed intimate look at an interstate system now being brought into being by highway engineers who are incompetent in the area of city planning. What is worse, they have not recognized their own incompetence and hence have plunged ahead with their urban freeway plans without benefit of co-ordinated metropolitan planning. Under the incentive of "free" dollars up to ninety cents, urban officials and businessmen have rubber-stamped state highway plans without stopping to think that urban chaos may result, with ultimate exorbitant maintenance costs and the destruction of neighborhoods, parks, playgrounds, and cultural facilities.

DONALD G. PATERSON
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis

To the Editor: Mr. Moynihan's interpretation and article can only go to hurt the program. Many of the things that he states are facts, and many are quotes, but he seems to have a rather cynical attitude toward the program and has placed this interpretation on it, whereas many thousands of very conscientious and competent public servants in the highway departments and in the Bureau of Public Roads are handling this program in a very fine manner and in the public interest.

I definitely disagree with the author that the program lacks co-ordination and is particularly weak in city and interstate planning.

The progress that has been made by the state highway departments in this program to date is extremely outstanding and almost unheard of in public-works activities.

A. E. JOHNSON
Executive Secretary
American Association of State Highway Officials
Washington

To the Editor: As a member of the Committee on Public Works and the Special Subcommittee on the Federal-Aid Highway Program, I found the Moynihan article most thought-provoking.

I cannot subscribe to all of Mr. Moynihan's conclusions. But as one who came to Congress after the passage of the 1956 act, there have been many times when I have felt that the Federal government truly has here a rather shaky hold on the "tail" of a very large and potentially dangerous "bear." Certainly it will require the best thinking of which Congress is capable if, in the end, this program measures up to the vision (although Mr. Moynihan might object to the use of the word "vision") of those

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who created it. Mr. Moynihan has successfully located certain areas of trouble, both present and future, badly in need of the legislative and administrative review which is scheduled to occur early next year.

As a representative of the State of New York, I have also fought, though most unsuccessfully to date, for the principle of eventual reimbursement by way of comparable mileage for our Thruway, or for funds to free it from tolls. Mr. Moynihan, in pointing up this inequity so succinctly, has found a kindred mind.

HOWARD W. ROBISON
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: Daniel P. Moynihan does us all a considerable service by ventilating the questionable assumptions and unfaced issues involved in the Federal highway program. Perhaps unavoidably, the strokes of his brush have been too broad, and the reader ends with the impression that the entire effort is a tragic error.

This is unfortunate, A mobile, complex economy and society, sprawled over a continent, does need a highway system substantially better than the one we had, and were building, ten years ago. Despite its underutilized capacity, rail transport is an uneconomic substitute for highway transport for a wide range of traffic and travel, and in our society, provision of the fixed facilities for economically justified highway transport is an appropriate responsibility of public agencies.

The 1956 Federal program, in my estimation, is an extravagant and imperfect means to the end of a highway system appropriate to contemporary needs, and it is having toxic side effects. But we ought not to permit the intellectuals' revulsion to the automobile to blind us to the vital role of road transport in a modern economy.

DICK NETZER
Assistant Vice President
Federal Reserve Bank
of Chicago

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

To the Editor: In your candid stand on the matter of capital punishment as it is brought to the fore through the Chessman case (*The Reporter's* Notes, April 14), I heartily concur. It is, as you state, the redemption of man that must weigh on the "heart" of society.

However, the redemption of man is not something that can be won or earned through his own merit, no matter how long he may live; man does not redeem himself in the ultimate sense of which you speak. Man's redemption has its only source in that power which is above and beyond himself. For the Christian, this means through God's gift of His Son. I think it most significant that you speak of man's redemption in this issue reaching us in Holy Week.

PAUL I. NUSSLE, Pastor
St. Ansgar's Lutheran Church
Salinas, California

RENAULT AND ISRAEL

To the Editor: I would like to call your attention to certain facts concerning the circumstances under which Renault ceased assembling cars in Israel which evidently were not known or appreciated by Mr. William S. Ellis when he wrote "The Noose Around Israel" (*The Reporter,* April 14).

The facts are that, five years ago, Renault defied Arab threats and entered into a contract with Kaiser-Frazer of Israel, knowing in advance that it would be boycotted. Very few companies in the world displayed similar courage. Furthermore, Renault faithfully performed its contract with the Israeli company for the three years it was in force.

Mr. Ellis states that in September of 1958 "notice of cancellation of the pact was given" by Renault. Precisely the reverse is true. When the original contract expired by its own terms in September of 1958, Renault, preferring to continue trading with Israel whatever the consequences in other markets, offered the Israeli company a new contract for an additional three years, but the offer was not accepted.

This presented Renault with the alternatives either of not selling its products anywhere in the Middle East or of developing other markets there. The expansion program that had increased the output of its factories, as well as its deeply felt social obligation to keep its workers fully employed, dictated that Renault could not simply write off the entire Middle East; Israel having in effect closed its doors, Renault had to sell its products in other available markets in that area.

I assure you that boycotts, by whomever imposed, are as repellent to Renault as they are to Mr. Ellis.

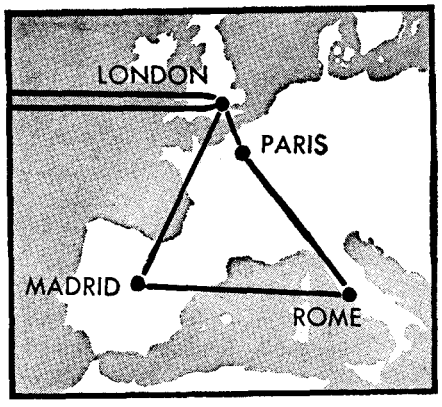
ROBERT E. VALODE
Vice President and General Manager
Renault, Inc.
New York

THE WORLD OF MILWAUKEE

To the Editor: I was struck by a statement in Joseph Kraft's "The World of 'Le Monde'" (*The Reporter,* March 31): "Probably no other staff-owned paper in the world has attained the first rank." You may remember your own series of articles by Llewellyn White on the Milwaukee *Journal* some years ago. As you probably recollect, majority interest and control of the *Journal* is owned by more than one thousand employees and certainly it is in the first rank—in coverage of its market, advertisingwise, editorial excellence, etc.

C. R. CONLEE
Vice President and Promotion Manager
The Milwaukee *Journal*

(*Our opinion of the Milwaukee* Journal *has not changed one bit. Both the* Journal *and* Le Monde *have attained the first rank—each, it must be noted, in its own category, one regional, the other international.*)



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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

RECENTLY, we decided to send Associate Editor **Theodore Draper** to take a good look at the situation in Cuba, where Fidel Castro has been making headlines for an uncomfortably long time. We had already published articles on Cuba, but we felt it our duty to provide our readers with a thorough and rounded appraisal of the revolution that is still sweeping the island, and, if Castro has his way, could prove singularly tempting to other Latin-American countries. Mr. Draper's report, we hasten to say, should not induce any complacency. Perhaps a revolution in search of a doctrine is just about as dangerous as one that is faithfully developed according to a predetermined philosophical blueprint. Mr. Draper's *American Communism and Soviet Russia* (Viking) will be published on May 16.

OUR Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** offers a special last-minute report on Senator Kennedy's campaign in West Virginia. . . . **Robert Bendiner,** whose guide to the Presidential elections, *White House Fever*, has just been published by Harcourt, Brace, points out that in New York State, at least, the selection of delegates to the Democratic convention is not being argued about on the lofty plane of national policy. . . . We reproduce the key passages from a challenging speech made in Washington by **Marya Mannes,** our staff writer and our "Sec," before the American Society of Newspaper Editors. . . . **Harold C. Fleming,** executive director of the Southern Regional Council, sets the sudden action of Southern Negro students, who have asked for the simple right to a cup of coffee at lunch counters in Southern stores, against the long legal struggle in the nation's courts. . . . We have not awaited General de Gaulle's visit to London and New York in order to realize that the source of his political success lies in profound qualities of mind and spirit. **Edmond Taylor,** our European correspondent, analyzes the broad lines of his thinking—it is nobler and more all-embracing than ever—and shows why de Gaulle must be considered the spokesman for the West. . . . More and more East German citizens are crossing the border into West Berlin and West Germany. Our foreign correspondent **George Bailey** writing from Berlin explains what the East German Communist government has been doing to make life less and less tolerable, particularly for farmers.

MONSIEUR and Madame Pigeon lie in the Paris cemetery of Père La Chaise each holding up, in bronze, the bedside lamp, the "lampe Pigeon," that was their invention and their claim to fame. That is one way, satisfactory and literal, to make a monument. It is not quite so easy to imagine the construction that could celebrate F.D.R. throughout the ages. **Albert Bush-Brown,** associate professor of architectural history at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, discusses the difficulties that face competitors who hope to produce the winning design for the F.D.R. monument in Washington, and outlines artistic principles that might save them from producing the tawdry, the pretentious, or the banal. . . . **Fred Grunfeld,** a regular contributor, reviews Balanchine's latest ballet, a work that combines Handel's majestic music with modern choreography and stagecraft. . . . **Alfred Kazin,** who once had a brief experience with the Luce publications, points out that T. S. Matthews, whose experience was extensive, only recently discovered what made him somewhat unhappy from the beginning of his labors. . . . **John V. Kelleher,** a Boston Irishman and an associate professor of Irish literature at Harvard, comments with sympathetic wit on a recent history of the Irish contribution to our country's development. . . . **George Steiner,** author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* (Knopf), appraises Leslie Fiedler's thesis that a feeling of guilt explains the somber quality of the best American writing.

Our cover painting of the Morro Castle in Havana is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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A BORZOI BOOK

Some British reviews of **GEORGE STEINER'S**

TOLSTOY OR DOSTOEVSKY

C. P. SNOW in the **Daily Telegraph:** "It is magnificent. It is arrogant . . . I am sure that, with Mr. Steiner's book, we are seeing the emergence of a critic who may be of the first importance."

The Times: "This is criticism in the grand manner . . . a remarkable work of imaginative understanding, perception, and allusion."

The Economist: ". . . there can be no doubt that this book announces the entry of a first rate, and potentially a great, critic."

Times Literary Supplement: "The analysis of the two masters' novels in terms of their life and thought and historical surroundings is almost a commonplace of criticism, but Mr. Steiner brings to it a freshness and acuteness which are the marks of a profound critic . . . he has original and perceptive ideas, which he elaborates with a brilliant command of language."

TOLSTOY OR DOSTOEVSKY was first published over the Borzoi imprint a year ago.

384 pages • $5.75

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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The Runaway Revolution

THEODORE DRAPER

"OUR PROGRAM is part of the revolution," the Cuban Communist leader Blas Roca declared recently. "It is a program which reinforces and supports all the measures, laws, and positive actions of the revolutionary government and the orientations of its leader, Fidel Castro." And then he added: "It is a program to illuminate the road toward the historically inevitable transition to socialism."

Blas Roca spoke like a man who was satisfied with the way things were going, who considered himself and his party integral parts of Castro's revolution and expected it to go much farther. One of those alarmed by both the tone and substance of the speech was a popular radio and TV commentator, Luis Conte Agüero. His reaction was especially significant because he was known to be a personal friend of Fidel Castro. In a speech before the Havana Lions Club that was widely reported in the press, Conte Agüero charged that the Communists were "achieving their purpose, pulling us instead of marching by our side."

The reaction against Conte Agüero in the pro-Castro press was so violent that the commentator decided to go off the air in order to give himself time, as he put it, "to write and think." When he drove up to television station CMQ in order to make a farewell appearance, an obviously organized crowd of demonstrators pressed forward and blocked his way, shouting "traitor!" "counter-revolutionary!" and "servant of American imperialism!" After some scuffling, the police restored order and Conte Agüero rode away without making the broadcast.

EVERYONE WONDERED what Fidel—no one in Cuba calls him anything else—would say. Everyone knew that he and Conte Agüero had been classmates, that Conte Agüero had written Fidel's biography, and that Fidel himself had appeared on Conte Agüero's program.

Three days later, Fidel broke the suspense on a "Meet the Press" type of TV program. After four hours of uninterrupted oratory, the friendship was finished. Fidel raked up old differences, ridiculed the biography of himself, assailed Conte Agüero as a "divisionist" and "confusionist," and practically accused him of working for the U.S. State Department. On the subject of Communism, Fidel refused to give ground. He took the position that it was not his fault that the Cuban Communists fully supported the revolutionary cause, and that anyone who made an issue of growing Communist influence was actually serving the interests of counter-revolution.

Fidel talks so long and so often not because he has so much to say—he makes virtually the same speech every time—but because it is essential to his conception of democracy. The television and radio are the means by which he conducts a perpetual plebiscite; he knows how to make most Cubans, especially the women of all ages and classes, vibrate to his somewhat grating voice, lugubrious eyes, and weary gestures. At any rate, that night Fidel talked his way out of another tight spot.

After Fidel's speech, Conte Agüero took refuge in the Argentine embassy. The owners of the television station on which he had spoken were quickly punished: their bank accounts were frozen, their studios were taken over by the government. And Conte Agüero became another Cuban exile in the United States.

This incident showed, not for the first time, how Castro reacts to anyone, even a personal friend, who raises the issue of Communism. Yet Conte Agüero himself has made it clear that there is no simple and easy identification between Castro and the Communists. In an open letter to Castro, he wrote: "It is as evident to me that your government is not Communist as it is evident to me that the Communists wish it to be such, or at least that it should appear to be such in order to speculate on your name and fame."

General C. P. Cabell, deputy director of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, testified before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee last November: "We know that the Communists consider Castro as a representative of the bourgeoisie, and were unable to gain public recognition or commitments from him during the course of the revolution." He added that "Fidel's brother, Raúl, and his close adviser, Ernesto ('Che') Guevara, are both strong friends of the Communist Party," but "we believe that Castro is not a member of the Communist Party, and does not consider himself to be a Communist."

But this still leaves unanswered what Castro is and what he considers himself to be.

The Mountain and the Plain

Fidel Castro was first plunged into politics in the University of Havana between the years 1945 and 1950. He and others of his generation soaked up the traditional resentments against "American imperialism," American investments, and Cuba's economic dependence on the United States. Some turned to Communism, but many more were carried away by an extreme if somewhat vague form of nationalism containing some elements of Communism but without the specific discipline and ideology of the party. To the Communists, these young revolutionists were wild, uncontrollable "bourgeois nationalists" who sometimes served Communist interests and sometimes did not.

Castro came out of this nationalist ferment, but not, at first, in its extreme form. He entered politics as a disciple of Eduardo R. Chibás, an anti-Communist who built up a large popular following by campaigning against government corruption on a Sunday-evening radio program. Chibás committed suicide in 1951 by shooting himself before the microphone in a desperate attempt to

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awaken the Cuban people. Unfortunately, he ran over his scheduled time and was cut off the air just before the fatal shot. Yet Chibás's martyrdom benefited his party, popularly known as the Ortodoxos, and it was heavily favored to win the next election. Its victory would have given Cuban democracy another chance.

One of the Ortodoxo candidates for congress in 1952 was Fidel Castro. But his career in democratic politics was cut short by Fulgencio Batista, who once again, as he had done in 1934, seized power. The whole façade of liberal democracy collapsed ingloriously. Batista's coup made a revolutionary nationalist out of Castro and others like him. They abandoned the democratic path and have never found their way back.

But Castro and the Communists were still far apart. When Castro organized his 170 men to attack the Moncada Barracks in the second largest city, Santiago de Cuba, in 1953, and when he set out from Mexico with eighty-one men to invade Cuba in 1956, the Communists would have nothing to do with him. They considered the little band of twelve men who remained to fight in the mountains of the Sierra Maestra to be "petty-bourgeois putschists."

Long after the rebellion in the Sierra Maestra had taken hold, Castro did not head a homogeneous movement, and the larger it grew, the less homogeneous it became. It included those who merely wished to go back to the democratic constitution of 1940 and those who demanded "a real social revolution." It included some who were friendly to the United States and some who hated it. It included anti-Communists and fellow travelers.

Until 1958, Castro's strategy was based on two fronts: *el llano* (the plain) and *la sierra* (the mountain). His sympathizers in the plain numbered hundreds of thousands; his fighters in the mountain hundreds. These fronts differed politically as well as militarily. Castro's underground representative in Havana, a former medical student named Faustino Pérez, was an outspoken anti-Communist. The fighters in the mountain, conditioned by their hardships, their increasing closeness to the impoverished, landless *guajiros,* and their own militant temperaments, were much less critical of the general principles of Communism than of the tactics of the existing Cuban Communist Party, which during the war had changed its name to Partido Socialista Popular (P.S.P.)

Castro did not expect to topple Batista with a few hundred men in the mountains. He rather hoped to use his hide-out to encourage revolt in the cities, where political decisions were traditionally made. He sent emissaries to organize Havana and put Faustino Pérez in charge of preparations for a general strike called for April 9, 1958.

The strike failed and the prestige of Faustino Pérez never recovered.

Castro and those closest to him in the mountains drew drastic conclusions from the setback. They decided that victory would depend principally on themselves and that their supporters in the cities could play only subordinate roles. The relative importance of *el llano* and *la sierra* was reversed; it was the first great victory of the extremists in *la sierra.*

Only the Communists could have made the strike in Havana a success. Though outlawed by Batista, they enjoyed far more freedom of movement than Castro's men, whom Batista considered his main enemy, and they had considerable strength in some of the chief unions, especially the transport workers. I have seen the "Declaration of the P.S.P.," which the Communist National Committee issued on April 12, three days after the strike fiasco. It accused Castro's movement of having called the strike "unilaterally," and in effect attributed its failure to the refusal to consult them and reach an agreement in advance.

I was told by a top Communist leader that the official Communist line toward Castro changed in January, 1958, one year before his victory, and that offers of aid were made to him. The offers, such as they were, obviously did not extend to Faustino Pérez and the general strike. Late in June of 1958, a Communist leader was sent to the Sierra Maestra to establish liaison with Castro's forces. This was the first step toward closer ties between Castro and the P.S.P.

U.S. Support for Batista

American policy also played into the hands of the extremists. In 1953, the year that Castro declared war on Batista at the Moncada Barracks, the new administration in Washington sent a new ambassador to Havana, Arthur Gardner, a businessman and political appointee. Gardner insisted on showing his affection for the dictator publicly and effusively. In her recent book on Cuba, Mrs. Ruby Hart Phillips, the long-time correspondent of the New York *Times,* writes that Gardner was so uninhibited in his admiration of Batista that he even embarrassed the dictator. There is a photograph, often reproduced, of Gardner hugging Batista's chief of staff, General Francisco Tabernilla, whose job it was to hunt down Castro's rebels.

When Gardner's successor, Earl E. T. Smith, came to Cuba a year and a half before Batista's fall, he seemed at first to represent a change in the official attitude of the United States. In blunt language Smith deplored the brutal treatment of a peaceful demonstration of women in Santiago de Cuba. But just when the majority of Cubans were turning to Castro, Smith turned against him. He spent the last months of his ambassadorship vainly attempting to arrange for an election under Batista's sponsorship long after Batista's power had eroded, and such an election was considered a subterfuge to preserve the substance of Batista's rule. The more knowledgeable career diplomats in the embassy pleaded with Smith to change his course, but he refused.

Smith resigned precipitately a few

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days after Batista's fall, sent on his way by an article in the influential Cuban magazine *Bohemia* entitled "Ambassador Smith: Servant of the Despot." American arms to Cuba were cut off in March, 1958, but the U.S. military mission, which could have been withdrawn in the event of domestic or foreign hostilities according to a 1951 agreement, remained to the very end and largely canceled out the effect of the arms embargo.

A MOOD of friendless and reckless defiance characterized Castro's revolution from the beginning, and the sense of having won a miraculous victory against heavy odds still pervades the revolutionary atmosphere in Cuba. Certainly no Latin-American revolution was ever made in quite the same way—in the distant mountains, not in the capital; without an economic crisis, except as Batista's terror caused business to decline in the last months of 1958; without the active participation of the army and only the passive sympathy of the working class; and without an ideology or a party machine.

When Fidel Castro entered Havana a conquering hero on January 8 last year, no one knew what he was going to do. It is doubtful whether he himself knew, except in the most general terms. He renounced high office for himself and spoke of elections in eighteen months. He hand-picked a prime minister and a president, neither of whom he kept for long. Castro himself took over the office of prime minister in February. He virtually fired the first president, Manuel Urrutia, in July during a television program after Urrutia had raised the issue of Communism. And in Castro's first cabinet, nine ministers have been replaced.

These shifts have reflected the ever-increasing radicalization of Castro's policies. In large part, they have repeated in a new form the old struggle for power between the mountain and the plain. In the various reshufflings of his cabinet, Castro has in effect taken power away from the moderates in the plain and given it to the extremists from the mountain. Most of that power is now concentrated in the hands of three of the old fighters—Guevara, Raúl Castro, and of course Fidel himself.

The Triumvirate

There is no doubt in my mind that the present régime could not hold together or stay in power without Castro. He permits himself on all possible occasions to be called the "maximum leader," and in this case the title is justified. If ever there has been a "cult of personality," it is rampant in Cuba today. Castro's interminable monologues may be the despair of non-Cubans, but he knows his own people. They dote on his longwindedness, and he has overcome practically every moment of tension by making a speech that somehow reaches the most illiterate *guajiros*. For the first time in Cuban history a leader has given them a sense of human dignity and political importance, and they have paid him back by revering him.

Guevara's rise to the position of No. 2 man in the Castro régime took place at the end of 1959. When he left Cuba on a three-month trip to the Middle and Far East last summer, everyone assumed that he was on the way out. On his return early in September, he was named to a relatively subordinate job as head of the industrialization department of the National Institute of Agrarian Reform. "I don't know why," one informed observer told me, "but as soon as he got back, things began to happen here." Among the things that happened was his improbable appointment as president of the National Bank. No one in Cuba underestimates Guevara's abilities, but he does not get along well with many of Castro's associates: his Argentine background and quiet air of superiority hold them at arm's length. Unlike Castro, he speaks in calm, measured tones. Those who know him well say that he has the best-trained Marxist mind of all those close to Castro. He owes his power to his influence over Castro and he could never take Castro's place in the affections of the Cuban people.

Raúl Castro is generally rated the third member of the ruling triumvirate. He is an impetuous, hotheaded young man of twenty-nine who is credited with having done a good job organizing the new armed forces. Of the top three, Raúl is the most extreme in policy and most immoderate in expression. He has a strong personal following in the army and he would be the one most likely to succeed his brother as the nominal head of the government if anything should happen to Fidel. But it is very unlikely that he could really take his brother's place.

THEIR MAIN SUPPORT comes from young men like themselves. As I went from one government building to another and traveled by jeep in Oriente Province, I met the same kind of young man again and again—self-sacrificing, idealistic, all working devotedly for the régime. There is a rumor, half serious, that no one over thirty has a chance of getting a good government job and no one over forty need apply.

Anyone with technical training or almost any kind of education is apt to be given responsibilities that used to be reserved for men of middle age. In many cases, these young people are substituting zeal and fervor for technical knowledge, but they are going about it with the most contagious optimism and enthusiasm.

Nationalism and Socialism

In one respect, Castro's revolution is classical—it was made by intellectuals and professionals in the name of workers and peasants. These intellectuals have been intoxicated, whether they admit it or not, by the two great revolutionary forces of our time to which countries seeking to pull themselves out of poverty and stagnation seem irresistibly drawn—nationalism and socialism. Nationalism enables them to oust the old ruling class with its close economic and political ties to foreign capital and to call forth the latent energies of national pride and ambition; socialism provides them with a rationale for installing themselves as the ruling class of a new type, using the full power of the state to change the social order. In Cuba today, nationalism runs riot, but socialism, Communism, or any variety of collectivism must never be mentioned in connection with the present régime.

To all appearances, Castro's revolutionists are doctrinaires without a doctrine. Soon after taking power, Castro tried to give his movement a

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name, "humanism," to distinguish it from capitalism and Communism. "Capitalism may kill man with hunger," he said. "Communism kills man by wiping out his freedom." And what is "humanism"? He once defined it as "liberty with bread without terror." But nothing has been heard of "humanism" for several months. Castro now says, "We are building, not a theory—we are building a reality." What that reality should be called he refuses to say.

INRA's Inroads

On paper, Cuba's agrarian reform would not make the new system socialistic. It limits landholdings to a maximum of 3,300 acres in cattle, rice, and sugar, and 990 acres for other uses. It undertakes to compensate the owners with twenty-year bonds at four and a half per cent interest. It promises each land worker a minimum of sixty-six acres. To carry out these measures, the Instituto Nacional de Reforma Agraria (INRA) was formed, headed by Fidel Castro himself, with a Cuban geographer, Antonio Núñez Jiménez, as executive director.

But Cuba's agrarian reform cannot be understood on paper. An INRA delegate, accompanied by a couple of armed soldiers, usually appears at a farm and announces that INRA is taking over everything but a certain portion. He may return later and cut the former owner's allotment in half. Though the law says nothing about farm machinery or cattle, they also are appropriated. The whole transaction is completely informal; there are no hearings, no inventories, no receipts. In some cases, if the owners are willing to accept INRA's offer, they may get paid in cash. No one has yet seen any bonds; the government says that they are being printed. In one zone, I was told early in April that Fidel had ordered the first three hundred titles to sixty-six-acre plots handed out; obviously that portion of the reform was far behind schedule.

In March, Núñez Jiménez reported that 13,250,000 acres, almost half of Cuba's total land area, will be affected by the agrarian reform. 8,800,000 of these acres have already been taken over, and the appropriation of another 2,650,000 is now taking place with the end of the cane harvest. By the middle of this year, therefore, INRA will control about forty per cent of Cuba's total land area. Out of some of this land, it has already formed 764 co-operatives and plans to form five hundred more of cane land.

WHEN I VISITED a rice co-operative near the town of Bayamo in Oriente Province, I saw how the system works. The local INRA officials were particularly proud of it. I was told that the 1,500 acres had been owned by two lawyers who had never used them for productive purposes. To prepare the land for rice cultivation an expensive irrigation project was necessary, and when I was there it was about two-thirds finished. A

large machine shop, a school, and three of the houses planned for the thirty-eight families that will work on the co-operative had already been built. I was told that the chief qualification the workers possessed was that they were the poorest in the neighborhood. They were being transferred from the traditional one-room, thatched-roof *bohios,* which look like mud huts, to modern four- and five-room cottages made of tile and cement. The attractive little school was used for the children in the daytime and for the adults, most of them illiterate, at night. The members of the co-operatives received a daily wage from INRA with the promise of shares in the profits. The "administrator" was a former rebel fighter who had been an ordinary day laborer.

The cost of this one project was estimated at $100,000. As a result of such co-operatives, Cuban rice has already become plentiful, but Cuban housewives complain bitterly that it is inferior to imported rice. When I was in Havana, the stores were forcing customers to buy one pound of Cuban rice with each pound of imported.

Except for one feature—the division of future "profits," if any—the entire co-operative system might just as well be owned by INRA and the members of the co-operative considered as employees of the state. The capital, machinery, fertilizer, and everything else are provided by INRA; the production is entirely turned over to and disposed of by INRA. The co-operatives are expected to pay off INRA's investment and most of the profits can always be plowed back into the enterprise. In practice, therefore, the system will probably amount to a fixed-salary plan plus an annual bonus, if and when the co-operative shows a sufficient profit. At a later stage, one minister told me, state farms will be introduced, especially in the cattle industry, and some co-operatives could easily be reclassified into this category.

No matter what one may think of the theory behind Cuba's land-reform program and no matter how the program turns out in practice, there is no getting around the fact that for the poor, illiterate, landless, outcast *guajiros,* the co-operatives represent a jump of centuries in living standards. They also represent a vast increase of constructive activity in the rural areas that were formerly the most backward and stagnant part of Cuba.

BUT AGRICULTURAL co-operatives are only one of INRA's undertakings. Second in importance are the *tiendas del pueblo,* or people's stores, of which Núñez Jiménez reported that there were 1,400. These stores are scattered in the hills and countryside and their purpose is to keep prices down by underselling the small, isolated traditional *tiendas.* They also provide at reduced prices various types of goods that the *guajiros* seldom saw before and could rarely afford. For the time being, these stores have not been set up in the cities. But urban store-

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keepers are already wondering what they will do if INRA decides to compete with them. The whole system is entirely INRA-owned and INRA-operated without even the co-operatives' pretense of independence.

Núñez Jiménez also reported that INRA was operating 109 businesses valued at $235 million; thirty-six sugar mills out of a total of 161; 36 fishing and six frog co-operatives. It has built 170 schools, three hospitals, seven dispensaries, and twelve clinics; and it runs sixteen radio stations and eight tourist centers. In Santiago, I ran across a small INRA group which, with the help of four Mexican engineers, was prospecting for iron ore. Hardly a day passes without an announcement in the newspapers that INRA has taken over another farm or factory and extended its other operations.

Cuba is still far from a state-owned economy, but in INRA it has the basis for one, and at the present rate of expansion INRA will soon dominate the economic life of the country, if it does not do so already.

Latecomers on the Band Wagon

It is clear from all this that Cuba is going through a social revolution of a collectivist nature unique in Latin-American history. It has no name, party, or ideology, but the reality speaks for itself. Once again, therefore, we are brought back to the question of where Castro stands in relation to the Communists.

The Cuban Communist Party was formed in 1925, the year before Fidel Castro was born. Its present top leaders, Blas Roca, Juan Marinello, and Anibal Escalante, are old-timers who had faithfully followed every twist and turn of Stalinist policies.

Castro caught the Communists by surprise in the early days of his rebellion, and it took them a long time to accept him and his "putschist" tactics. I have seen the open letter the official Communists sent to all the opposition movements, including Castro's, signed by Marinello and Blas Roca, dated June 28, 1958, which still put forward the prospect of overthrowing Batista "by means of clean, democratic elections." It may be true, as the Communists claim, that they decided to give Castro's rebels some aid in January of that year, but they actually jumped on Castro's band wagon only in the last six months, after he had demonstrated that he could win without them.

Thus Castro and the Communists were rivals for power for more than five years, and Castro owed the Communists very little when he finally overthrew Batista. The wounds opened in this period were not immediately healed. As late as September 10, 1959, nine months after Castro's assumption of power, the semi-official government organ, *Revolución,* appeared with a polemic against the official Communists written by Euclides Vázquez Candela, its assistant editor. Last October, a collection of writings entitled *En Pie* was published by the present foreign minister, Raúl Roa, in which he reprinted an article on the Soviet suppression of Hungary in 1956 that denounced "the crimes, disasters, and outrages perpetrated by the invaders," meaning the Soviets. He also reprinted a review of Raymond Aron's anti-Communist *The Opium of the Intellectuals,* and said, "The central thesis of the book is objectively impregnable."

For some months in Castro's first year of power, there was visible evidence of discord between at least a considerable portion of Castro's movement and the official Communists. The turning point seems to have come last November. In that month, the anti-Communist leader of the former Havana underground, Faustino Pérez, was ousted from the government, and Guevara came in as head of the National Bank. At a congress of the Cuban trade-union federation that same month, the Communists were hopelessly beaten until Castro himself stepped in and appealed for a "unity" slate which, by including Communist sympathizers, saved the official Communists from a rout. Simultaneously the process of expropriation speeded up and INRA's type of collectivization—the co-operatives and people's stores—gathered momentum.

By the beginning of this year, a new situation had emerged. The official Communists moved in to become the strongest single force in the trade-union federation as the result of a purge of *"mujalistas,"* those trade-union leaders who had held posts under Batista's trade-union boss, Eusebio Mujal. In February, Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan paid a triumphal visit to Cuba, the Soviet exhibition in Havana was a great popular success, and the Soviet-Cuban trade treaty was hailed as the best thing that had ever happened to Cuba's foreign trade. A few days later, the explosion of a small plane flying from Florida made it impossible any longer to deny that United States-based planes had been dropping incendiary bombs on Cuban canefields. This and the explosion early in March of the munitions-loaded French freighter *La Coubre,* which Castro himself implicitly attributed to the United States government, set off an anti-American propaganda campaign bordering on hysteria. There is some question whether one plane brought down by the Cubans had been "arranged for" by the Cubans themselves. The last moderate in Castro's government, Finance Minister López Fresquet, resigned in the middle of March, and the incident of Luis Conte Agüero flared up shortly afterward.

It is evident from this brief summary of events that an important change took place between November, 1959, and March, 1960. While Mikoyan was holding court in Havana, the titular head of the Cuban Communist Party, Juan Marinello, declared in a television address on February 8 that "whoever raises the flag of anti-Communism is a traitor to the revolution." This principle has actually been adopted by Castro himself, though it is the most dangerous divisive force within his movement and opens him up to the most relentless attacks from the outside.

'We'll Do It Our Own Way'

The men around Castro still betray a curious ambivalence about the official Communists. On the one hand, they regard old-time Communist leaders like Blas Roca and Marinello with scarcely concealed contempt. They speak of them with aversion for having served Stalin so slavishly, for having entered into an alliance with Batista in 1940-1944, for having backed away from force to overthrow Batista, and for still remaining

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faithful to old-fashioned dogma. They even consider the official Communists too "conservative" and declare with pride that they are doing things that the latter regard as foolhardy and romantic.

On the other hand, when those in Castro's intimate circle are asked where, in essentials, they differ from the Communists, they seem to be stumped. Castro himself thought that he was crushing Conte Agüero when he asked why he should persecute the Communists if they do not differ from him. He failed to see—or preferred not to see—that this left unanswered the even more interesting question of where he differs from the Communists.

Not so long ago Castro did try to differentiate his revolution from the Communists', but that time has passed. The change has coincided with the increased tempo of expropriation and collectivization. It is as if a broad, general bond connected Castro with the official Communists which he could not break without betraying his own convictions, and as if he knew, too, that even if he decided to dump the official Communists he would still be charged with Communism.

CASTRO, like Tito, made his own revolution by methods that the Russian-controlled Communists did not approve. This type of revolution has now made its appearance in different parts of the world by taking different roads and adopting different forms. Again and again, in long, frank talks with some of Castro's closest associates, I was struck by their insistence that "we'll do it in our own way," and they obviously considered their "it" to be on a par with the Russian, the Yugoslav, and the Chinese revolutions—different, yet related.

The Cubans' evident feeling of self-importance proceeds in large part from the fact that they consider their own revolution to be only the first of nineteen other Latin-American revolutions. "The battle of Cuba is the battle of America," said Guevara last March. He, Raúl Castro, and others place special emphasis on this larger mission. They believe that if they succeed, Castro-like movements will sweep the continent. And they are not merely waiting; they are doing all they can to stimulate and, in some instances, to organize the movements. The recent visit of a Brazilian presidential candidate, Janio Quadros, who said that he would follow Castro's example if elected, made it seem not impossible in Havana that the tail might wag the dog. Castro's activities in the Caribbean area are especially reckless, and his press makes little distinction between the progressive democratic leadership of Governor Luis Muñoz Marín in Puerto Rico and the dictatorships of Somoza in Nicaragua or Trujillo in the Dominican Republic.

Who Is Using Whom?

Thus it is a mistake to think of Castro as merely a Communist stalking-horse or a Soviet puppet. His ambitions go far beyond these modest roles. In his own mind, he is using the local Communists and playing off the Russians against the Americans. Just who is using whom remains to be seen. Meanwhile, the Cuban Communists meekly play second fiddle in Castro's orchestra, and the official Soviet press refers to Castro with cautious restraint.

One of Castro's young ministers said to me with obvious conviction: "Fidel is no Khrushchev; Fidel is a genius! Remember that Mikoyan treated Fidel as an equal when he was here. Anyone who imagines that Fidel thinks that someone in Moscow or among our own Communists knows how to make a revolution in Cuba or in Latin America better than he does—such a person does not know Fidel."

Other reasons for Castro's reluctance to accept the label of Communism, or any other label, are more practical and opportunistic. The official Communists have gone all out in Castro's support, and they represent the only organized, disciplined party in Cuba today. General Cabell estimated their number at seventeen thousand toward the end of last year, and many of them undoubtedly fill numerous subordinate posts in the rapidly expanding revolutionary bureaucracy. Of the three major props holding up the new régime—the army, the trade unions, and the propaganda agencies—Castro strongly dominates the first, he shares control of the second with the official Communists, and he manages the third with Communist assistance. If he is not a prisoner of the official Communists, he has become increasingly indebted to them for their experienced cadres—available, as of now, on his terms.

For the official Communists, the setup is as favorable as they can expect under present circumstances. They are hardly in a position to take over Cuba without bringing down upon themselves the full weight of the United States in concert with other Latin-American countries. They would also encounter the militant opposition of the Catholic Church, which recently has begun to waver in its benevolent attitude toward Castro. They would run into the deep-seated aversion of most Cubans in all classes for any system of government that would admittedly be Communist—one of the reasons why Castro is so touchy about being associated with the name.

CASTRO'S SUPPORT on taking power was so overwhelming that the opposition shaping up against him today must include many former ad-

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herents. The small horde of exiles in Miami composed largely of Batista's former henchmen, the twenty thousand soldiers of Batista's former army walking the streets of Cuban cities apparently jobless, and the expropriated landowners and factory owners make up a considerable body of enemies who, it may be assumed, are doing everything in their power to overthrow Castro's régime. But the real danger to his survival comes from within his own amorphous "movement," which is no more homogeneous today that it ever was.

The new opposition includes many of the same people who made or sympathized with the revolution—students, professionals, intellectuals, businessmen. A year ago, the University of Havana, always the seedbed of discontent, was massively united behind Castro. Today the university is seriously split, and though the majority still extols Castro, a sizable minority, perhaps as much as a quarter, has become disaffected—and hence faces expulsion as "counter-revolutionary." Castro himself indicated the source of the opposition in his TV demolition of Conte Agüero: "What happens in the middle class is that it vacillates, it is greatly confused. On the other hand, the *guajiro* and the worker are always clearer, that is the truth."

The Cuban professionals and intellectuals have reason for vacillation and confusion. Castro offers most to the *guajiros*, much less to the workers, and nothing but liquidation or drastic transformation to the middle and upper classes. This distinguishes the Cuban revolution fundamentally from all previous Latin-American revolutions, such as the Mexican, which mainly benefited the middle class.

The Castro régime desperately needs the students, professionals, and businessmen to keep the country's economy functioning from day to day, but it welcomes them only as employees of state organizations such as INRA. A typical INRA worker I met had previously owned a grain-supply business. INRA had taken it over and had promptly hired him to supervise its own grain distribution. An architect told me that he had done very well during the building boom in Batista's last years; now he has gone to work for INRA, which pays him much less but enables him to survive.

In this respect as in so many others, the full import of Castro's policies has become clear only in the last few months and therefore most of the new opposition is relatively recent. At first the cut in rents of thirty to fifty per cent and the reduction of telephone and electric rates mainly favored those Cubans who lived in $100-to-$250 a month apartments and used telephones and electricity. But these concessions have been counteracted by the fundamental changes that have undermined this entire group—the wholesale expropriations, the choking off of American imports on which a large part of the Cuban business community depends, the lack of any hopeful prospect.

Cracking Down

Nor can Castro be sure that he will not have trouble with some of the urban workers. They constituted a relatively privileged class under Batista and showed it by letting others do the fighting. Now the workers are being asked to tighten their belts and for the first time to pay thirteen per cent of their wages in taxes. The trade-union federation virtually acts as an arm of the government and devotes its efforts to political propaganda rather than to economic demands. The leader of the sugar workers' union, Conrado Becquer, was the one who broke the news in the middle of April that it was necessary to freeze wages and maybe lower them in the sugar industry. For the first time in the history of the Cuban trade-union movement, the slogans for the May Day demonstration contained no demands for increased wages.

Castro could hope to reassure the students, professionals, businessmen, and better-paid workers only if he agreed to define the nature of his revolution. Without defining it, he cannot set limits to it. But that is something he will not or cannot do. He is merely willing to say that the revolution is not Communist, it is not capitalist, it is uniquely Cuban. Very few of his early supporters expected it to go so far, and very few of them now know how much further it will go.

Instead of reassuring the new opposition, Castro has cracked down all the harder on any symptom of opposition. That is why the Conte Agüero incident disturbed so many of his former supporters and why it may be the turning point of his revolution. By giving the real and potential opposition no means of free expression or organization, especially on the burning issue of Communist influence, Castro is depriving his opponents of any possibility of opposing him except in the way he himself found it necessary to oppose Batista—by arms.

The government now has a complete monopoly of all television and radio. It does not completely control the press but that may not be far away. Havana still has two independent papers with an opposition slant, *Prensa Libre* and *Diario de la Marina*, and two "nonpolitical" papers, *Información* and *El Crisol*, but the first two survive under constant threat of suppression. *Diario de la Marina* has a limited circulation mainly among the former aristocracy and its existence bothers the government the least, but *Prensa Libre* has a relatively large circulation of more than 100,000 and its suppression would in effect end a free press in Cuba. As it is, these two papers tread very carefully; they cannot afford the luxury of really criticizing the government. The régime is supported by three main papers in Havana, *Revolución*, *Combate*, and *La Calle*, as well as the Communist organ, *Hoy*, and by every paper outside Havana.

Castro once spoke of his revolution as "liberty with bread and without terror." If he continues to push too hard, too fast, and too far, Cuba may yet have more terror without either bread or liberty.

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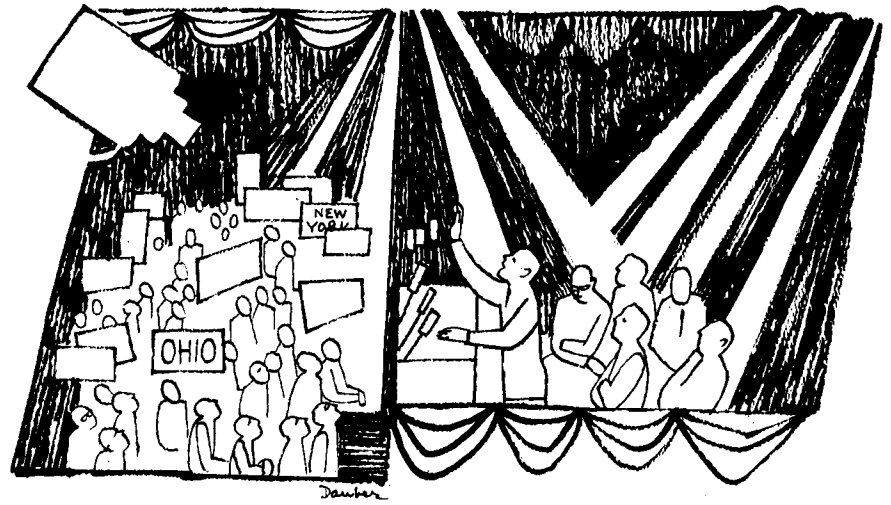

The Provincial Politics Of the Empire State

ROBERT BENDINER

THE GREAT LUMBERING Democratic Party of New York is now in the act of putting together its 114-vote delegation to the national convention. Theoretically, it is a bloc capable of giving a candidate more than one-seventh of the total votes required to make him a Presidential nominee, and one might imagine that in the circumstances the air would be crackling with high-powered politics. It is, in a way, but the activity that seethes alike in the clubhouses of Manhattan and the rarefied offices of reform leaders is only remotely concerned with the comparative merits of Kennedy, Humphrey, Symington, *et al.* Immediately, it is concerned with power on the lowly levels of the county and the district. As everywhere else, this is the basic stuff of the state's politics, and without a working knowledge of its currents and crosscurrents one can hardly hope to follow the behavior of the New York delegation when it gets to Los Angeles.

To the casual eye the state is even now in the bag for John F. Kennedy. With most of the delegates already picked by their county or district organizations, and very few scheduled to be opposed in the June primary, it is clear that if the convention were to be held tomorrow, Kennedy could count on more than three-fourths of the New York contingent going his way, at least on the first ballot. But the convention is not scheduled for tomorrow, the delegates cannot be bound to any commitment, and party leaders are, as usual, lustily divided. To the prayers of several of these chieftains Kennedy, as we shall see, is no answer at all, and while they must be careful not to get cut off from their troops, they are busy pursuing their ends, each in his own way.

Tiger, Tiger, Burning Dim

Take, as the most important, the position of Carmine De Sapio. With the rough justice of the political world, he is held accountable for the defeat of Governor Averell Harriman; he came within a hair of being beaten by amateur reformers in his own district; and his feudal domain of Manhattan has erupted in spots of rebelliousness from Greenwich Village to Washington Heights. Moreover, organization politicians of Irish heritage have all along shown the degree of enthusiasm for an Italian Tammany chief that Italian cardinals would have for an Irish Pope, and the speed with which the Buckleys and Sharkeys have openly or covertly rushed to Kennedy's banner is not lost on Mr. De Sapio. But even if he had joined the rush, there is only so much credit and so much Federal patronage to be handed out; and if, in the event of a Kennedy victory, he were obliged to share them with a half-dozen other prominent supporters, he would find himself exactly where he is today—dangling from a narrow ledge by his fingertips, with eager hands reaching out to give him a helpful push.

With so little room on the Kennedy band wagon and so little chance of its getting him anywhere, what other courses are open to De Sapio? In the city such sentiment as there is for Hubert Humphrey and Adlai Stevenson is largely concentrated in the reform clubs, which grew out of the Stevenson campaigns and which are united on only one proposition, namely, that De Sapio must go. There is Lyndon Johnson, of course, but De Sapio is willing to leave that whimsical cause to James A. Farley. In comparative political retirement, Farley can afford to indulge the hope that New York Democrats would turn out for the Great Compromiser from Texas, but for De Sapio it would be fatal. Even Farley is committed to strike a formal blow or two for Kennedy before proceeding to his real preference.

In the circumstances, what could be more natural than that Mr. De Sapio should hear the siren voice of Harry S. Truman murmuring the praises of Senator Stuart Symington? To be in on the Symington movement before Los Angeles, even in an underground way, opens charming vistas to De Sapio—a direct line to the White House such as no Tammany chief has ever enjoyed, a rout of the Irish faction in the Hall, and disaster for the reform crowd bent on his destruction. Support at this stage would have to be surreptitious, of course, because if Kennedy got to the convention in such strength that he could not be denied the nomination, a De Sapio openly committed to Symington would be a pariah.

The prescribed course, then, is to sit tight, make no declarations, try to stave off Kennedy pledges by other

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leaders, promote Symington in private, and get as many others as possible to join the underground. Since Symington's own campaign is being conducted *sotto voce,* this has not been hard. State Chairman Michael Prendergast, who walks in De Sapio's shadow, was an early convert, and after conversations with Truman he proceeded to make the rounds of the county chairmen, urging a waiting game. Some persons not known to be addicted to hashish think that Prendergast is actually promoting the restoration of Harry Truman himself, but that is even more whimsical than Farley's hopes for Johnson. On the quiet, De Sapio himself, according to a reliable source, has been arranging speaking dates for the Missouri senator and lending such other aid and comfort as conditions permit. Confident, or at least hopeful, that Kennedy will fade after a ballot or two, he has been especially concerned to get Symington accepted as a second choice.

A NUMBER OF OTHERS have been drawn toward the tranquil Symington camp without necessarily feeling an urge to shout about it. Harriman himself, as close as ever to Truman, who tried his best to make him President four years ago, was bound to be one of these. If Truman's influence were not enough to persuade him, there was the fact that only a Symington victory would seem to hold out hope for a post in the cabinet, the last of Harriman's fading ambitions. In foreign policy, moreover, he is closer to the Truman-Acheson-Symington position than to that of Stevenson, Humphrey, or Kennedy. He was in the Truman cabinet, and it is not at all farfetched for him to see himself as Secretary of State under Symington.

All that had to occur first, to smooth Harriman's way into the Symington camp, was a reconciliation with De Sapio, and there is every reason to believe that this has been achieved. Immediately after his defeat in 1958, Harriman is known to have telephoned county leaders around the state to warn them that unless De Sapio were ousted the party was doomed, after which he departed for a vacation in the Caribbean. Whether it was time or a re-evaluation of political life or just the perspective of the tropics, Harriman returned to New York evidently determined to have nothing to do with the oust-De Sapio movement he had so ardently encouraged. He has refused any part in the work of the Committee for Democratic Voters, founded by Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert Lehman, and Thomas K. Finletter for the express purpose of overthrowing the old-school Tammany leadership. The result is that in the reform clubs Harriman's name has lost whatever glamour was left to it after his defeat by Rockefeller and now evokes only resentful grumbling.

Mayor Robert F. Wagner has likewise kept clear of the reformers, but he is not regarded by them in the same light as Harriman. If his purported ambition for the Vice-Presidential nomination is serious—and it seems to be—he knows that as a Catholic himself, he has no future with the Kennedy movement. Like Harriman, Wagner is on close and cordial terms with Truman, but in his case, Symington is not the only possibility. If Wagner has any chance for second place on the ticket, it could just as well be with Stevenson.

Insurgents, Regulars, and Chaos

Whether Stevenson has any chance for first place on the ticket is another question, but the hope is not wholly confined to the reform clubs of New York City. Stevenson is anathema to metropolitan bosses like Charles Buckley, who holds the Bronx Democrats with a tighter rein than De Sapio has ever held those of Manhattan. But upstate the Stevenson clubs of 1952 and 1956 gradually melted into the regular party organization instead of becoming a thorn in its flesh, and the Illinoisan's name is accordingly held in much higher regard among the professionals of that region than among those in the five boroughs of New York. Many a delegate from Nassau and Suffolk Counties, from Rochester, Utica, and Syracuse, and from the so-called southern tier of counties expects to vote for Kennedy at first and then, if he fails, to shift to Stevenson at the slightest sign that he is really in the running. Should Kennedy, once eliminated from the top spot, indicate a willingness to run for the Vice-Presidency with Stevenson, this sentiment, I am told, would turn into a band-wagon rush, for many upstate politicians regard such a ticket as all but unbeatable.

In sheer voting strength, the New York City contingent should be crucial in the state's vote, with more delegates than all the rest of the state put together. But more than anywhere else, Presidential politics in the city is subordinated to struggles on the home front. Talking to reform leaders, one gets the impression that they would rather take over Tammany Hall than nominate a President, and in the long run there is much to be said for the choice. They are far from their objective, as they would not think of denying, but they have clearly made headway. In the decade or less that they have taken to building clubs of their own, they have established thirty beachheads in what was once the exclusive domain of the ward heelers, and, more important, eight of these clubs have elected district leaders. The result is that the reformers, in one degree or another, now command four and one-sixth votes out of sixteen in the county executive committee, which is the very heart of Tammany Hall. It would be perfectly possible even now for them to oust De Sapio, or reduce him to a figurehead pending the next election, if they were to combine with the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell of Harlem and with old-time Irish leaders who feel that Tammany has not been the same since it came under Italian domination.

TO A GROUP spiritually led by Eleanor Roosevelt and Herbert Lehman, this idea is as unthinkable as it would be self-defeating. For the Irish old-timers the purpose of such an alliance could only be the replacement of De Sapio with another of those routine operatives who had presided over the Hall in a dreary succession from the days of Boss Murphy. As for Powell, he elicits from both sides the same kind of nervous regard they would feel for Typhoid Mary. De Sapio and other Tammany leaders voted to read the slick and powerful preacher out of the party after he abandoned it for Eisenhower in 1956, and Powell in turn conferred on De Sapio the honorary titles of "Massa Carmine" and

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"Mississippi Boss," a unique experience for a Greenwich Villager of Italian parentage.

A pact, including a pledge by De Sapio to back Powell's bid for a committee chairmanship in Congress, restored the Harlem leader's faith in Tammany enough to permit a truce, but it is an uneasy one. He insists that since Negroes constitute twenty-one per cent of the city population, they are entitled to twenty-one per cent of the jobs, an arithmetical approach to race relations that irritates organization leaders and reformers alike. On the district level a liaison exists between some reform leaders and the Harlem machine, and occasionally a Powell man turns up as honored guest at a reform-club function. But how the Harlem delegates vote at the convention will depend wholly on what arrangement can be cooked up between Powell and De Sapio. Any Presidential preferences that Harlem Democrats may have will be subordinated to more elevated questions, such as jobs, favors, and the personal fortunes of Dr. Powell.

WHAT REALLY holds back the forces of light, however, is not the power of their foes. It is rather that ancient ailment of the professionally good, an overpowering need to wrangle with fellow reformers, endlessly and articulately, on how best to rout the forces of evil. "We really have three enemies," one leader told me with a cheerful note of resignation: "Republicans, whom we never talk about; Tammany, which we talk about sometimes; and other reform leaders—we disagree with them most of the time." Mainly these clashes come between "insurgent" clubs, which have yet to elect a district leader, and "regular" reform clubs, which have enjoyed this taste of success and are therefore to some extent part of the official party organization. Insurgents, as a rule, want to contest any and every Tammany designation that they can in primary fights, a costly and exhausting habit. Regulars, on the other hand, quickly acquire more moderate ways from the give-and-take of party life and try to limit primary fights to those that seem like tactically good investments. By the more ardent insurgents they are condemned as men with a foot in each camp.

Beyond this traditional weakness, the reformers suffer from a lack of leadership on the firing line. Inspiration from above is plentiful, but in the day-to-day battling in the districts no figure has emerged whom the reformers can happily and unitedly think of as a future mayor, as a future county leader, or even as a replacement for De Sapio on the national committee—no one comparable to Richardson Dilworth and Joseph S. Clark, who pulled the Democratic Party out of the mire in Philadelphia.

The Convention Will Decide

When the subject is broached, some point with mild enthusiasm to William Fitts Ryan, reform leader of the Seventh Assembly District. Con-

testing the Democratic Congressional seat held by Ludwig Teller, a law professor with four degrees and the double blessing of Tammany and the Liberal Party, Ryan is discovering the doubtful joys of personal politics. To his supporters he is "aggressive," "honest," "tall, handsome, and Irish." To his detractors *within* the reform ranks he is "limited in appeal," "lacking in personality," and definitely not the man of the future. In the free-for-all for the reform endorsement, one of Ryan's opponents for the Congressional nomination complained privately that what had been done to him "in the name of reform couldn't have happened in the worst Tammany club." Even after Ryan had won, one of his rivals charged him with having violated a pledge not to run and demanded his resignation as district leader.

In this atmosphere, made to order for the Tammany professionals, De Sapio has not found it hard to put on a crafty, divisive, and so far successful holding operation. While his enemies, in the words of one of them, "slash each other with machetes in the name of reform," he walks through the melee offering concessions right and left, deepening animosities between his opponents simply by touching some of them lightly with an olive branch. In one district, for example, he managed to turn the ire of the reformers against two of their own number, both vice-chairmen of the Committee for Hubert Humphrey, who had accepted designation as delegates at the hands of the organization. They should have refused, the argument ran, and then beaten De Sapio's men in a primary fight. The same thought has prompted an insurgent group in Brooklyn to contest the nomination of the veteran Congressman Emanuel Celler, who is already committed to Symington.

ALL THE SAME, few observers, or working politicians for that matter, seem to feel that De Sapio is long for the life of a Tammany chief. He has lost so much ground that county leaders like Sharkey and Buckley, long subservient to him, now negotiate on patronage directly with the mayor and otherwise behave like arrogant nobles around a tottering king. Some think it was De Sapio's mistakes that proved his undoing. Some attribute it to the gradual drying up of patronage. Some talk of the population shifts that have strengthened Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Queens at Manhattan's expense. Still others credit the undermining work of the reformers.

But the subtlest explanation, and the most ironic, is that De Sapio ruined himself by stepping from behind the scenes as no other Tammany leader had ever done. The ambition to appear in the spotlight, to operate as a public figure instead of as the semi-mythical puller of strings, served in the end only to make him a more obvious target than he had been. Whatever else happens at Los Angeles, the convention will show whether the Tammany tiger at bay is to be rescued or allowed to go down with an air of gentility.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR PRESS?

MARYA MANNES

Newspapers have two great advantages over television. They can be used by men as barriers against their wives. The second advantage is that you can't line a garbage pail with a television set—it's usually the other way around.

Although network television still allots far too little time to the vital service of informing the public, it does a better job in that little time than the nation's press as a whole. And when I speak of the nation's press as a whole, I am *not* speaking of the five or six splendid newspapers—and the one great newspaper—which serve the world as models of responsible public information. I am speaking of the local press, which in hundreds of American communities is the *only* news available, aside from those recitals of ticker tape that pass for radio news, and which defaults on its public.

Why do I think network TV does a better job of informing than these papers? Well, let's get the partisan bit over with. Television lives on advertising to an even greater extent than newspapers do, and since advertising is big business, advertising is by nature Republican. Yet nowhere in network newscasts or network commentaries on current events have I encountered the intense partisanship—the often rabid bias—that colors the editorial pages of the majority of newspapers in this country.

This particular fact of life is a shameful fact; that the newspapers whose duty it is to inform the American public give them only one side of the issues that affect them profoundly: the Republican side. This is shameful not only for Democrats—we have survived it before and we will survive it again—but for the maturity of our people. Some of the same papers that loudly extol the virtues of free enterprise and a free press are consistently failing to print the facts on which a people can form a balanced and independent opinion. That balanced and indepedent opinion is our only real security as a nation.

Now, very often, television coverage of news is superficial and inadequate. Very often the picture takes precedence over the point. But by and large the news reports and commentaries on CBS and NBC and ABC make every effort to present viewers with more than one aspect of an issue, either by letting opposing spokesmen have their say or by outlining the positions held by both major parties on the subject involved.

Television also provides a wide range of opinion by setting up four or five experts and letting them knock each other down. What have you in your local press of this nature? Are you discharging your duty to diversity by printing snippets of opinion from unqualified readers? Is this exploring an issue?

Television may not have a Lippmann or a Reston, but then, what papers in America can claim a Sevareid and Murrow, a Huntley and Brinkley, and—although he is invisible—an Edward Morgan?

Another thing. Among the leading commentators on television, you find no Pegler—no John O'Donnell—no David Lawrence. Fortunately for the American public, television will not tolerate the kind of distortion of fact, the kind of psychotic partisan virulence and personal peeve that many newspapers not only welcome but encourage. In its entertainment, television caters far too much to the lowest instincts of man, particularly the lust for violence, or—at the opposite end of the spectrum—the urge to escape from reality into sedation. But there is one appetite it does not feed and which the partisan newspapers do: the appetite for hate—hate of whatever is different.

A newspaper has the right—the duty even—to assume an attitude, to take a position. But it has an equally sacred right to explain that position in the light of the opposing one, to document that position and to bolster that position not with emotion but with fact. In television a man like Murrow has often taken a position, but never without presenting, as completely and factually as possible, the alternate opinion.

Here, of course, is where background information helps the public to draw its conclusions. TV does a great deal of this in the form of documentaries, and of course you can say that they have the time and the money to do this and you haven't. Yet across this wide country, and with the exception of a handful of syndicated columns, I fail to find in any local paper any attempt, however minimal, to strengthen this muscle of digestion without which news can neither nourish nor inform.

One of the greatest and most justified criticisms of television has been that in appealing to the largest audience possible, it neglects minority audiences and minority tastes. This is still largely true. But there is, perhaps, one program a day and many, of course, on Sunday which an intelligent man or woman can enjoy and derive interest from. In my trips east or west or north or south I pick up the local paper to find this enjoyment or interest . . . in vain. Now surely there's something wrong here. Many of these places I've visited—and I'm sure this is true of the whole country—have college communities where highly intelligent and talented people live, whether they are teachers or doctors or lawyers or musicians or scientists. What is there for them in the paper—usually the only paper—of their town? What features do you provide for these people? What stimulation? When you have a monopoly in a region—as most of you do—why is it necessary to aim at the lowest common denominator?

I believe that over a period of decades newspapers have become a habit rather than a function. You have held your franchise so long that change has become inadmissible. I do not know, in fact, of any medium that has changed as little in the last twenty years as the daily press. And this resistance to change is the end of growth—which, in turn, marks the end of usefulness.

It is easier to print wire-service dispatches than have a reporter on the beat. It is easier to buy syndicated columns than find—and train—your own local talent. It is easier to let the ads dictate the format than develop a format that elevates news above dog food. It is easier to write editorial copy that appeals to emotion rather than to reason. And in handling straight news, it is easier to assume the pious mantle of objectivity than to edit. To quote Eric Sevareid: "Our rigid formulae of so-called objectivity, beginning with the wire-agency bulletins and reports—the warp and woof of what the papers print . . . , our flat, one-dimensional handling of news, have given the lie the same prominence and impact that truth is given." This featureless objectivity is nothing less than the editor's abdication of responsibility.

(From a speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors)

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The Price of a Cup of Coffee

HAROLD C. FLEMING

ATLANTA

FOUR MONTHS AGO, the course of desegregation in the South seemed immutably set—and a slow and tortuous route it promised to be. It ran through the tangled thickets of litigation, with occasional breakthroughs into small clearings of token desegregation of schools and other public facilities.

Then, on February 1, at 4:30 P.M., four freshmen from Agricultural and Technical College of North Carolina in Greensboro walked into a local Woolworth store. They made a few purchases, then quietly seated themselves at the lunch counter and ordered coffee. There they remained, unserved, until the store closed an hour later. In less than two weeks, the "sit-in" movement had spread to Negro students in fifteen cities in five states; at the end of a month it had reached thirty-three cities in eight states; and at the end of two months the total stood at sixty-eight cities in thirteen states and was still mounting.

The protests in their most common form are concerned with a seeming triviality—the question of who perches next to whom on a lunch-counter stool. But the real meaning of the protest movement goes deeper; it makes unmistakably clear that the Southern Negro's discontent is real and growing, that the time is rapidly approaching when segregation can be maintained only by continuous coercion and the intolerable social order that it would create.

The Will to Believe

Almost any segregationist worth his salt can produce testimony, usually extracted from a cook or yardman, that "colored folks don't want this race mixing any more than we do." But the quiet, well-disciplined ranks of Negro youngsters seating themselves at lunch counters, filing into segregated public libraries, or marching in eerie silence before state capitols and county courthouses offer a powerful rebuttal. In the face of it, the die-hard insistence on the myth of the contented Negro has taken on a desperate quality. For example, Georgia's Richard B. Russell angrily assured the United States Senate that the whole protest movement was concocted by the Congress of Racial Equality, a liberal organization with headquarters in New York.

The most far-reaching indictment of all was made by Senator Russell's nephew-in-law, Governor Ernest Vandiver of Georgia, who was provoked not by a demonstration but by a student pronouncement entitled "An Appeal for Human Rights," which ran in the Atlanta newspapers. Among other things, it said:

"The time has come for the people of Atlanta and Georgia to take a good look at what is really happening in this country, and to stop believing those who tell us that everything is fine and equal, and that the Negro is happy and satisfied."

Governor Vandiver's denunciation of this "left-wing" document was swift. "Obviously, it was not written by students," he said; "nor, in fact, did it read like it was written even in this country."

SOME of the more sophisticated defenders of the racial status quo have sought comfort in the fact that the protests have been mainly student affairs. "Throw the book at a few of them," said one Deep South mayor, "and the whole thing will fizzle out; the grown-ups will put a stop to it."

Ironically, this official attitude has done more than anything else to assure the solidarity of young and old in the Negro communities. Mass arrests as in Nashville, tear gas as in Tallahassee, and student expulsions as in Montgomery have served only to unite the students and their elders in common defense of the right to protest.

This is not to suggest that all Negro leaders view the student protest with unmixed feelings of enthusiasm. Many of them regard with uneasiness the shift from the orderly arena of the court to the crowded and chaotic marketplace, and from the leadership of older and supposedly wiser heads to that of the young and inexperienced. For practical purposes, however, their fears are probably academic. A Negro businessman in Atlanta spoke for many of his contemporaries when he confided:

"If these students had consulted me, I'd have advised against it. Demonstrations can breed mobs, and boycotts can cut both ways. But that's water over the dam. The youngsters have made their decision, and you've got to be proud of the way they've handled themselves. Whatever happens from now on, I'll back them up all the way."

Fortunately, what happens from now on need not be altogether negative. In some parts of the South, the legitimacy of the students' demands has been recognized by a surprising number of whites. In several communities white students have either actively participated in the sit-ins or have supported them by public statements and editorials in campus newspapers. Some church groups and ministerial associations have also spoken up for desegregation of eating places.

Less expected, perhaps, has been the support of the Negro students' objectives, if not always their methods, by public officials of some Southern cities. Atlanta's Mayor William B. Hartsfield, in sharp contrast to Governor Vandiver, reacted to the Negro students' appeal with the sensible comment that "some of the things expressed . . . are, after all, the legitimate aspirations of young people throughout the nation and the entire world." In a growing number of cities—Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Salisbury, Nashville, Knoxville, and Miami among them—established or specially appointed biracial committees are trying to work out changes acceptable to both the Negroes and the merchants.

Blazing a Trail

In a good many places, the press has taken a moderate stand on the sit-ins, and in some it has openly advocated desegregation of lunch counters. The Greensboro *Daily News* commented that "the only sensible course is to find some way to serve all of those customers who want to

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be served." And, more recently, the Winston-Salem *Sentinel* gave one of its editorials the simple declarative heading: "When Lunch Counters Reopen, They Should Serve All Customers."

Most impressive of all has been the liberal position assumed by Governor LeRoy Collins of Florida. On March 20, Governor Collins addressed a state-wide radio and television audience on the crisis generated by the sit-in protests. He startled friend and foe alike, and broke all precedents for a Southern governor, by delivering what amounted to an informal sermon on the moral indefensibility of lunch-counter segregation. To add to the general astonishment, he proposed to do something about it—namely, to appoint a biracial state commission for mediation of this and other race-relations problems and to stimulate the formation of similar committees at the community level throughout Florida.

Within six days, the promised state commission held its first meeting. A week after that, with the help of two staff members assigned by the governor, it was setting up advisory panels, meeting with merchants' associations, and promoting local biracial committees. The end results of Collins's bold approach can only be guessed at. Given enough skill and a great deal of luck, he could introduce a new era of racial adjustment in Florida and blaze a trail for less adventurous political leaders of the South. But even if he achieves far less than this, he will have one impressive accomplishment to his credit: more than any other public figure, he has succeeded in provoking discussion of segregation as a moral question.

Encouraging though this development is, it is only a tentative note of hope in a regional cacophony. Florida is by no means typical of the Deep South, and even there a solution is far from won. In the hard-core cities of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, the forces of government are solidly arrayed against the Negro protest and sympathetic whites are keeping their feelings to themselves. In more moderate areas, despite the conscientious efforts of mayors' committees and many private groups, only San Antonio and Galveston, Texas, and Jefferson City, Missouri, have solved the immediate problem before them by desegregating their lunch counters.

WHILE LITTLE can be predicted with any assurance, a few prospects seem reasonably clear. One is that the protest movement will not soon die out. It has already gained tremendous momentum, and is still gaining rather than losing. It seems equally sure, however, that the sit-ins will gradually be replaced by other forms of protest. Endless repetition of the lunch-counter demonstrations would be both sterile and dangerous, as some of the student spokesmen have acknowledged.

There are already signs of diversification of the protest to fit the circumstances of different states and communities. In the areas where the police and other officials have performed fairly and impartially, the original character of the protest as an economic tug of war between the Negroes and the merchants can be expected to continue—at least until a settlement is reached. Morality will play an important part in the process, no doubt, but the arithmetic of profit and loss will be at least equally determinative.

The three Texas and Missouri cities have shown the way to a solution in these terms, and a few others like Salisbury, North Carolina, are moving the same way. It should be noted, however, that the settlements were not effected as simple transactions between the students and the chain stores. Influential local citizens recognized the problem as the concern of the entire community and undertook the task of mediation in that spirit. In San Antonio, Galveston, and Jefferson City, religious leaders were the catalysts in this chemistry of community-wide change and acceptance.

In those parts of the South where the powers of government have been used to punish and intimidate the demonstrators, the issue is chiefly between Negro citizens and the state. Far from stifling the protests, harsh police measures and vindictive prosecutions have only succeeded in deepening the resentment and determination of the protesters. There the elusive strategy of the boycott—or "selective buying," as it is discreetly called—is already taking its toll. There are also indications of major campaigns to get Negroes on the voter registration lists. And against their familiar antagonist, the state, the Negroes are turning once again to the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment and the Federal courts.

The right of merchants to deny service to Negro customers at one counter while serving them at another, the right of citizens to demonstrate peaceably on private property open to the general public, the right of the police to disperse peaceful assemblies because they may provoke trouble-makers to violence—these are some of the legal questions with which Federal judges will be wrestling for months to come.

Thurgood Marshall, chief counsel of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, rallied his corps of lawyers, sixty strong, at a recent meeting in Washington and devised strategy for the new legal battle. For the past six years, Mr. Marshall and his colleagues have been arguing school segregation cases with the law of the land firmly settled in their favor. Now they will be fighting once again on new and uncertain ground, against what many consider unfavorable odds.

WHATEVER the outcome of the economic struggles and the court battles, the most enduring results of the current protests may well be in the realm of attitudes. The white South has been put on notice as never before that Southern Negroes intend to be rid of segregation, and more whites are recognizing the justice of that demand. On the other hand, Negroes have learned from the example of their young people that their capacity and resources for protest are far greater than they had supposed. The effects of this new morale will be felt in every area of Southern life—and perhaps in the rest of the nation.

The first few months of 1960 may well be recorded in the annals of civil rights not because Congress agonizingly passed another voting bill but because four college freshmen ordered a cup of coffee in a five-and-ten-cent store.

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De Gaulle: The West Finds a Spokesman

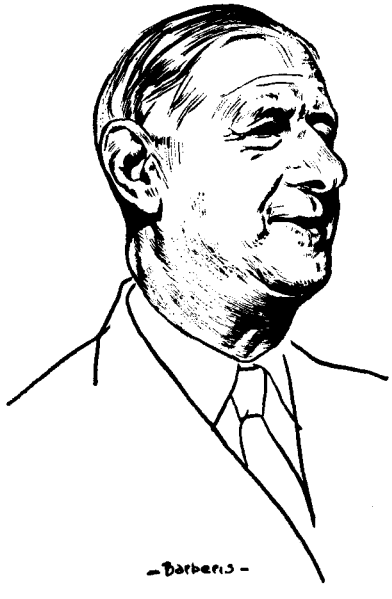
EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

A RECENT CARTOON in the anti-Gaullist weekly *L'Express* calls attention in a biased but not wholly inapt way to the evolution that seems to be taking place in General de Gaulle's concept of his own role in history. The general, as depicted by the caricaturist Jean Effel, is standing in a room decorated with photographs of Khrushchev, Queen Elizabeth, and Ike, packing his valise for Ottawa while Premier Michel Debré vainly tries to interest him in a briefcase stuffed with documents labeled "Algeria," "Farm Problem," etc. The caption reads: "Can't you see I don't have any time to waste on your Franco-French affairs?"

No doubt it is unfair to accuse de Gaulle of neglecting France's purely domestic problems, but in the last few weeks his preoccupation with diplomatic ones has fascinated even those observers who are aware of the great importance he always attaches to foreign affairs. The preparation of this month's summit conference—including Khrushchev's visit here and the general's own strenuous program of consultations and ceremonial in Britain, Canada, and the United States—especially has absorbed his energies. Every gesture seems to have been carefully thought out in advance, and every line of every speech, toast, and simple greeting has been written down by de Gaulle in longhand, deeply reflected upon, and then painstakingly revised before being committed to memory for apparently impromptu delivery. The very density and resonance of his latest public utterances—at moments surpassing in majesty if not in clarity his own high standard in his memoirs—are intensely significant. By thus calling back to duty, in the context of a meeting at the summit, the foremost French historian of *grandeur,* de Gaulle in his official capacity as a maker of history clearly indicates the scope and temper of the part he expects to play on the world stage.

Of course the general has stood in the international spotlight before, but up to the present his concept of the national interest has confined him largely to the role of a rasping, intransigent advocate for French prestige and prerogatives in the counsels of the western alliance. Now, thanks to a tenacious and adroit diplomacy, he has won back for France the minimal attributes of great-power status. The danger that Britain and the United States might



join with the Communist adversary in a common front to impose their will on France with respect to Algeria or to ban the development of a French atomic deterrent has not vanished completely. If it should materialize, no doubt de Gaulle's reaction would equal his most violent outbursts in the past. But today the possibility seems remote, and for the first time since the Liberation the general is free to assign himself a broader, more glamorous mission than the defense of narrowly nationalistic objectives. For the same reason he can afford to exhibit a new, less rigid and more human public personality that enhances the regal manner that so impressed the British crowds. ("Did you come to see the Queen—or the King?," the London correspondent of *Le Monde* overheard one departing guest at de Gaulle's embassy reception ask another.)

France was ready to take part in the summit conference with reasoned hope, the general said in the great Westminster Hall speech that was the climax of his London visit, but with "deep awareness of all that is at stake" and "without presumption." "Presumption" is a feeble translation of the colorful *"outrecuidance,"* whose multiple connotations de Gaulle purposely underscored in his delivery. It has overtones of arrogance, of self-glorification, and of extravagant striving for a position above one's proper rank. In short, in sums up nearly everything that the Foreign Office and the State Department used to think—and say—about de Gaulle.

Sober and Magnificent

The zest with which the general has been throwing himself into the preparation of the summit and the sober magnificence of his recent public addresses suggest that he sees a unique opportunity to achieve more *grandeur* for France and new *gloire* for himself by asserting French diplomatic leadership at what he considers a turning point in modern history. He has moved quietly, prudently, "without presumption," into the place left vacant by America's lack of leadership.

By insisting last fall that the summit be postponed until the fumes of the Camp David spirit had worked out of the western diplomatic blood stream, and later by warning both his allies and Khrushchev that France would veto any concessions on Berlin, de Gaulle made a contribution to the preservation of the Atlantic Alliance, and even to the western tactical position at the Paris conference.

In London the general attempted—and may have achieved—a more positive and even more far-reaching contribution to the western cause; he closed the fissure which the earlier shortsightedness of both French and British policy, along with Washing-

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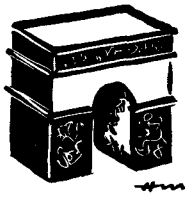
ton's one-dimensional enthusiasm for "Little Europe," had opened between Britain and its Continental allies. With a deftness and tact that surprised even his admirers, de Gaulle applied balm to the stupid, dangerously inflamed quarrel between Bonn and London, and at least momentarily convinced his hosts that the Common Market is not a Continental coalition against Britain. He even appears to have satisfied them that France's developing partnership with West Germany is neither politically nor economically incompatible with a resurrection of the Entente Cordiale.

In General de Gaulle's eyes, the summit meeting this month is merely the prologue to a period of intense international activity that may last for months or even years. It is only when one realizes the dramatic character that the general attributes to this new phase of postwar history that the implications of the role he hopes to fill become entirely apparent. In practically every speech he has delivered in the last two months he has laid stress on the knife-edge balance between hope and peril that he believes characterizes the present world situation. Humanity, the general thinks, is approaching one of the decisive watersheds of history—not merely in this decade but probably in the next year, possibly in this month. Destiny, he said in his Westminster speech, seems to be hovering in its choice "between peace and vast misfortunes."

In Washington he used the luminous clarity of his style to emphasize two main themes. The major responsibility for the future still lies on "the nations who have been the creators and who remain the bearers of modern civilization. This means all Europe and America, her daughter. To be sure, the fate of the universe has at other times depended on peoples of other regions. It may happen that, in the future, such might become the case again. But, today, the destiny of our human race depends upon the states of the old and the new world. Let them be agreed and no one will ignore them." Once more he reminded the Russians that they belong to the West. He made clear that any possibility of agreement between East and West depends on "some equilibrium between those two zones which are comparable, both in populations and resources. . . . Federal Germany is rendering the greatest possible service to coexistence by incorporating itself as it does into Western Europe."

In both the West and in the Communist bloc, de Gaulle is reported to believe, disruptive forces are nearing the breaking point. A seemingly minor tactical defeat for the Atlantic Alliance might precipitate its disintegration and assure the triumph of the most irresponsible, aggressive faction in the eastern camp. Conversely, an East-West accord, however modest, that did not imply any



weakening of the western position could lead to the breaking of the Moscow-Peking axis and a basic reorientation of Soviet foreign policy toward bona fide coexistence. If he is right, then the impending world crisis is obviously made for him, the crisis leader par excellence.

Even if events should ripen less dramatically than he expects, de Gaulle is said to believe that the summit conference and the various negotiations that may spring from it offer a great opportunity for bold, imaginative, and vigorous western diplomacy. He opposes any concessions on Germany—in fact, he considers it unwise to put any questions about Germany on the conference agenda—but he does not think the West should content itself with digging in behind a purely defensive position. As far as the general himself is concerned, he expects to take the initiative both in the field of nuclear disarmament—where France has nothing to lose—and in the more fascinating if controversial field of East-West aid to underdeveloped countries. This last is possibly the most explosive item that the conference could discuss—its ultimate implications may even include some delimitation of spheres of influence and the setting up of a four-power directorate outside the U.N.—but the French consider that in the long view it is also one of the most promising. Almost certainly the general has some specific projects up his sleeve in regard to both aid and disarmament that will startle the West as well as the East.

The Heroic Virtues

De Gaulle has little faith, however, either in rigid geopolitical doctrines or in gimmick diplomacy. He has no secret formula for solving the problems of the universe, but a reasoned conviction that in the present historic context the human factor has recovered some of the significance in world affairs that it had in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

To the degree that this theory is sound, de Gaulle should have no difficulty in playing a star role at the summit. Though he will be the only national leader at the conference table who still has no stockpile of nuclear weapons and no missiles for delivering them, the general unquestionably outshines all his partners in prestige, in character, and in profundity of mind. He is probably the master psychological strategist of our age. He also has the important advantage, shared by few world leaders, of being an accomplished if self-trained historian who combines the sensitive intuitions of the literary artist with a vast general culture. "There has never been an illustrious captain," de Gaulle himself once wrote, "who did not cherish and appreciate the heritage of the human mind. Underneath Alexander's victories one always comes upon Aristotle."

De Gaulle attaches particular importance to analyzing the errors of political and military leadership in the recent past so as to learn from them. Much of his self-imposed exile at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises was spent poring over the memoirs and state papers of leaders in the Second World War with this aim in mind. There are, of course, notable gaps in the general's culture, particularly in the fields of economics and modern political science. His basic outlook on life remains archaic, though that is sometimes more of a help than a handicap in coping with the contemporary world. General de

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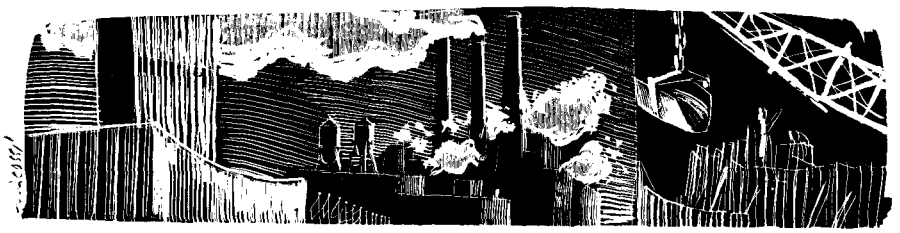
Gaulle's single-minded dedication to the cause of French *grandeur* at least has the advantage of giving a continuity and coherence to his foreign policy that is absent in that of most contemporary democracies. Having in final analysis only one goal—the restoration of France's greatness—de Gaulle seldom yields to the temptation that besets our diplomats of confusing ends and means. Perhaps, too, his cultivation of the heroic virtues, like his anachronistic nobility of style and person, appeals to a wide reaction against the current western tendency toward slackness of soul as well as of speech.

IT IS AT HOME, in dealing—or in failing to deal—with those modest "Franco-French" problems for which he has recently had too little time, that the limitations of his leadership show up most sharply. The present anti-Gaullist agitation among political circles both of the Right and of the Left is no immediate threat to him. At worst, it might force him to change premiers sooner than he had planned. But in trying simultaneously to be an impartial umpire between parties and the *de facto* chief of government, General de Gaulle has fallen between two stools. His authority, at its peak just after his suppression of the Algiers insurrection in January and still tremendous, is undergoing a steady erosion, and at the same time his executive policies are all too frequently distorted in implementation—or are simply not implemented at all. The political institutions of the Fifth Republic that the general founded clearly are not functioning as they should, and de Gaulle does not seem to know how to put them right. If the war in Algeria continues to drag on, France may resume the drift toward social and political chaos that he halted in 1958, thus shattering all his dreams —the modest as well as the grandiose ones, those of success at home and those of triumph abroad.

The outlook, as tragic for the whole West as for France and for de Gaulle, would seem grimmer than it is if the general did not possess a faculty that neutralizes almost any weakness—the ability to learn from mistakes. Few public figures in the modern world have demonstrated it to a greater degree.



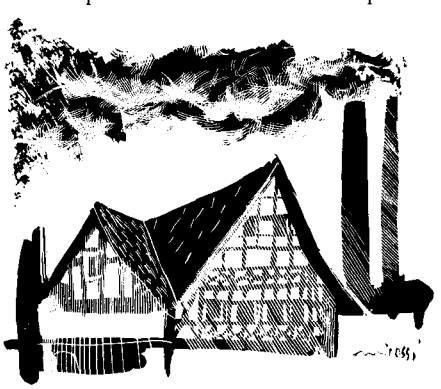
This Is East Germany

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

DURING the last few years, some people say, there has been a striking progress in the economy of East Germany and the general standard of living has markedly improved. But according to others, East Germany as a whole is worse off than ever before, and the progress that has been made in a few fields has been more than offset by staggering setbacks in others—most of all in agriculture.

The strange part of the story is that there is some truth in both appraisals. East Germany is no longer a penitential colony in which the inmates eke out a living while the product of their labor goes to the master power in the form of reparations. East Germany has been made an integral part of the economy of the Communist bloc. Within this economy, through a sort of division of labor, East Germany has been assigned some highly specialized functions. It has become the machine shop of the Soviet empire, and quite possibly its production of precision machinery already surpasses that of the Soviet Union. The spotty system of selection and concentration has been applied to the production of a number of goods. To maintain this system Soviet Russia has entered upon a broad program of subsidies and has thereby contributed to an ever-increasing disequilibrium between the developed and the underdeveloped sectors of the East German economy. This uneven structure has been imposed on a working population whose indifference is so pervasive that it corrodes the foundations of the entire structure, which is crumbling as it rises. The result is organized chaos.



TRUE, a good many East German workers take pride in the country's industrial accomplishments. This is explained as the pride of the prisoner in achieving anything at all in the face of enormous difficulties. The workers know that they are indispensable to their masters. Some East Germans call this "the River Kwai spirit."

The East German labor force, particularly the industrial elite, has been given the right to criticize as long as the criticism is "to the point," i.e., how to increase production without overthrowing the régime. The régime has solicited criticism and has organized prize contests for the best suggestions for innovations, labor-saving devices, and the like. The workers have been using the right to criticize as well as they could and have not shied away from making occasional demands for improved conditions. But the régime is already counteracting this tendency and is trying to cut the workers down to manageable size. It does not quite know how to do this, since it has not forgotten that the labor elite sparked and fought the revolt of June 17, 1953.

The workers know that the reservoir of East German manpower is nearly exhausted. The régime has

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had to take measures to meet the situation. It has been forced to introduce automation on a large scale and rationalize a large number of plants. But, once again, this has simply accentuated the difference between the privileged and the underprivileged sectors of the economy. In the search for manpower the régime has tried to bolster ideological discipline, while at the same time calling for criticism that it could not tolerate.

Last year saw a sharp rise in the number of arraignments and convictions on charges of "propaganda endangering the state," "provocation," and "defamation of the state." In April, five mistakenly emboldened students of the Technische Hochschule in Dresden were sentenced to a total of thirty-seven years and six months for conspiracy to overthrow the state. An East German university graduate who was recently processed through the West Berlin refugee camp put his finger on the trouble: "The one mistake the party made was that it taught me to think. Once I began to think, I could no longer be a convinced member of the party."

The flow of refugees continued to be heavy throughout last year and has swollen to record heights during the first few months of this year. Among the people who are "going West" there are some whose skills are desperately needed by the Communist government and whose defection is bitterly resented. The régime will do almost anything to prevent a doctor from "going West." Party functionaries have sought out doctors just arrived in West Berlin refugee camps and begged them to return. One East Berlin physician who decided to take up residence in West Berlin was told he would not be allowed to go. He defied the authorities, departed, and left his new address. Three days later a moving van brought him his household effects from East Berlin together with a fervent plea that he keep on practicing there.

The anguished attempts by the East German government to prevent loss of manpower through migration to the West was twenty-five per cent more effective in 1959 than in 1958, but the total—about 150,000, or a daily average of four hundred—was still disastrously high, particularly considering the large number of professional men, technicians, and students involved.

The manpower difficulty that the Communist Germans face is also aggravated by the impact of the

Second World War on the population. Between the ages of thirty and fifty there are half again as many women as men in East Germany. This so-called "childless generation" is reflected in the rapidly decreasing number of school graduates in the country—in 1955, 358,000 were graduated; in 1957, 241,000; and this year, according to the estimates of the East German State Planning Commission, it will be a mere 150,000. At present 64.8 per cent of the population is either too old or too young to work. The Planning Commission reckons that in the next five years the percentage will have risen to over seventy-five. In 1965, the East German labor force will have decreased by approximately 600,000 workers.

Russia Foots the Bill

East Germany is too poor and too dispirited to provide from its own resources the capital investment it needs to keep production increasing at the pace the Russians have decreed. Hence the Russians must foot a large part of the bill. The current Seven-Year Plan prescribes an eighty-eight per cent increase in industrial production over 1958, or an annual increase of from nine to ten per cent. It also prescribes the investment of about thirty-five per cent of the gross national product per annum. But East Germany could not possibly do this by itself without reducing the workers' wages.

East Germany must produce at a loss some of the products it exports. In order to render the Wartburg automobile competitive, for example, the régime dumps it on western markets at from 2,000 to 3,000 Eastmarks ($100-$150) less than the production cost per car. Similarly, since the quality of the cameras and other precision instruments produced by the Zeiss works of Jena is still markedly inferior by world standards, stiff subsidies are necessary to make them cheap enough to attract buyers.

It must also try to make life pleasant for the East German consumers if the recent record of comparative improvement of their lot is to be maintained. The rulers' overriding goal is to provide the German People's Republic with as convincing a semblance as possible of economic viability so as to win diplomatic recognition by western and non-Communist nations.

THE INNER WEAKNESS of the economy could never be cured by operating on it as a whole; hence the deliberate policy of the leaders, both in Moscow and in Pankow, to concentrate their efforts on a few selected sectors.

There are four main areas deliberately neglected in the East German economy. All four affect—and hurt—the consumer. The first is housing construction: from January to June of 1958, 20,000 housing units were constructed in all of East Germany; during 1958 the same number of units were constructed in West Berlin alone. The second is transportation: when the party boss, Walter Ulbricht, promised that East Germany would better West Germany's living standard by 1961, he specifically excluded the entire field of automotive production. The last two areas deliberately neglected are furniture and spare parts: if a car or a household appliance breaks down, it is virtually impossible to have it repaired.

Industrially the most worrisome of all shortages is electrical power. This is a field where the régime has never been able to meet the

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planned quota—despite the existence of such grandiose sources of power as the Black Pump near Stalinstadt and the electrical works in Lübbenau. This failure may reflect the extravagance of quotas rather than the inability of industry to meet them. But the unfulfilled quotas accumulate inexorably from year to year. As a consequence, present plans are a jungle of improvised adaptations and revisions.

Once More No Butter

There is one field in the economy where for ideological reasons the régime has been compelled to hold undeviatingly to its Communist line. This is precisely the sector that most vitally affects the citizen's daily life. The major difficulty for every Communist régime has been the management of argricultural production. East Germany, far from being an exception, offers a classical example of how collectivization of agriculture and food shortages go together.

In the spring of 1958 the East German régime had enough confidence to abolish food rationing. By midsummer of 1959, milk production in East Germany had sunk so low that it could no longer be offered for free sale (a particularly embarrassing development, since one of the arguments advanced by the Communists to support their demand for a "free city" of West Berlin was that the Potsdam area was the "natural milkshed" of the former capital). By September butter had become scarce; in October it disappeared altogether from the shelves of the state food stores. By December the average East German citizen was fortunate to receive one egg a month. In East Berlin, the "showcase" of East Germany, a bottle of milk had become a collector's item. Instead one sometimes saw small stacks of canned condensed milk from the Soviet Republic of Latvia.

But the food crisis is by no means confined to dairy products and eggs. Fresh meat—especially beef and veal—and even canned meat and sausages are scarce. Recently fruit and vegetables, canned and fresh, have been placed on the critical list.

As the crisis approached its peak at the end of last year, a great many customers panicked and began hoarding staples such as potatoes and flour that would otherwise not have been threatened with depletion. The government faced the dilemma of having to reintroduce rationing without appearing to do so. (The reissue of ration coupons would have been an unthinkable open admission of failure.) Concealed rationing was accomplished by requiring all state food stores and their branches and affiliates to register every purchase of critically scarce items and so keep a check on the consumer. By these devious means, butter is rationed—when there is any to be rationed—at one quarter pound per person per week, and eggs at three per month, while fresh milk is restricted to expectant and nursing mothers. Potatoes can be purchased only on evidence of a "potato pass" that entitles the customer to buy 140 kilograms (about 300 pounds) over the ten-month period from September 1, 1959 to June 30, 1960. Scarcity rations itself. The East German housewife buys what there is to buy and arranges her meals accordingly.

The Doomed Horse

The most revolutionary measure to date was the introduction in mid-1959 of the "pony bar," as restaurants

with a menu made up exclusively of horse-meat dishes are sometimes called. More than ten thousand horses were slaughtered in East Germany in the past year. This measure is calculated not only to help make up for the lack of fresh meat but also to diminish the number of "hay burners" and conserve fodder, the most critically scarce item of all. Fodder has long since been rationed in East Germany on the basis of the strictest priority. So great is the thirst for milk that Communist authorities see and publicly hail the mirage of a twenty-gallon can of milk in every bale of hay. "The Red Flag is on the moon," runs an East German joke, "and we have no milk. Our dairy problem will be solved when Soviet scientists discover a way of milking the moon calf."

The prospect of thousands of gallons of milk being poured down the throats of horses was too much. A double-pronged propaganda campaign was initiated, slandering the horse ("a parasite; it works only half the year and eats all the time") on the one hand, and praising horse meat as a nutritious delicacy ("Connoisseurs Prefer Horse Meat") on the other. Some of the East German publicity designed to promote the consumption of horse meat is suspiciously facetious: mention is made of "stallion steak," "foal fillet," "whippletree venison," and "goulash direct from the harness." Despite such efforts, the pony bar has still not caught on with the East German public.

By slaughtering horses the régime sought to force the independent farmer, the so-called "free peasant," to rely on tractors. Tractors are controlled—through the collective farms and the machine tractor stations—exclusively by the state. The measure thus provided an effective lever for forcing the independent farmer into the collective.

In Preparation for the Summit

Even though the intensive collectivization of agriculture between 1952 and 1958 had all but ruined the East German farm economy (more than 120,000 farmers fled to West Germany during the period), Ulbricht stubbornly continued his attempt to solve agricultural problems by ideology. During 1958 and 1959 an additional eighteen per cent of East German farm land was brought under the control of the kolkhozes. The East German agricultural economy could not be left half slave and half free. The régime could not tolerate the free sector, for the collec-

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tive farms could not stand the competition of those privately owned.

The great majority of East German farmers, who had steadfastly refused to join the collectives, were made up of the so-called "old peasants," people whose farms had been in their families for generations. All other measures having failed, the only course left to the régime was coercion, although the party, in the December session of the Central Committee, had been given a most explicit warning to go slow. The reason for the warning was that farmers forced into collectives had proved to be liabilities, whereas the "old peasant" farms were models of efficiency. Their quotas were always filled, their taxes punctually paid. But Walter Ulbricht's all-out drive to collectivize agriculture had to be carried to its conclusion irrespective of what might happen to food production.

In order to man farms that were deserted as the result of collectivization, Ulbricht shifted nonessential city workers to the country. The result proved to be appalling maladministration in virtually every branch of agriculture. Livestock was hard hit: thousands of beef and dairy cattle died of exposure in consequence of the "open stall" plan (designed to save building materials and barn space) or from sheer neglect. Poultry suffered a similar fate.

BUT THE Ulbricht régime could not and did not retreat. On April 15 the completion of land collectivization in East Germany was solemnly announced by the East German press as "a milestone on the road toward Communism." Thus East Germany, alone among European countries outside the Soviet Union, has achieved total collectivization of the land. The grueling three months' effort to do this has caused three thousand farmers and their families to take the road to free Berlin or free Germany. Over the Easter weekend alone, more than sixty-five hundred refugees left East Germany.

The epitaph to this latest Communist victory is to be found in a statement by Walter Ulbricht: "Our success will show the West on the eve of the summit conference that the entire population is united behind us and our policy of peace."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Monument for F.D.R.

ALBERT BUSH-BROWN

LACKING GREAT ARTISTS and great patrons, a nation may flounder in fatted prosperity, but it cannot hymn its heroes or long remember the battles it fought. That a national will needs memory, that memory in turn needs art, Americans have long believed. Washington itself occasionally speaks majestically, nowhere better than on the long axis from the Capitol through the Washington Monument to the figure of Lincoln enshrined on the shore of the Potomac. The current competition for a memorial to F.D.R. in Washington, whose final result will be announced in December, offers modern artists a challenge to speak nobly of renewed faith in American ideals.

The challenge has been greeted lightly, even derisively, by many able artists. Their posture might readily be dismissed as mere indifference to contests for talent these days when art galleries sell almost anything and the vacuous halls of commerce scream for decoration. Unhappily, their responses cut deeper, revealing the dilemma of artists in a prodigal, often hedonist and unillusioned America which some artists occasionally protest but more merely reflect and exploit.

The competition has a single, deceptively simple requirement: that the essential Roosevelt be commemorated by a memorial in West Potomac Park, between the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials. Nothing is said about how this should be done, and the competitor has complete freedom to interpret the theme. What in this complex man was truly *essential?* How should it be expressed? What will stand well on a difficult site, the featureless, traffic-ridden southwest quadrant left by formidable axes; what will survive the powerful monuments to Lincoln, Washington, and Jefferson? Moreover, what is meant by the request for any appropriate form, provided it be harmonious in design with its classical neighbors? And, not least troublesome, can a memorial say anything about the man's beliefs, his warmth for people, his courage, his sense of destiny, his code of generosity, his faith in the unity of mankind? Not since the 1920's have artists faced as difficult a problem.

HOW MUCH SIMPLER it all seemed then: A generation ago, architects would have used the language of Athens or Rome, and, in the tradition of Botticelli, painters would have offered Mars laying aside his armor and touching the flank of Venus to suggest that war's turmoil was over and peace had arrived in the land. But now the gods are dead, dead long before our symbols acknowledged their passing. Grandfathers refuse to believe this. My own long looked down upon me from my grandmother's portrait of him: a sculptor, he was shown in his smock, seated, holding modeling tools I knew had sculpted equestrian generals at Valley Forge and Gettysburg and busts of Lincoln, Wilson, and Justinian. Behind his chair in the portrait stood a small model for

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a figure he regarded as his supreme effort, "Liberty Bringing Peace to the World." Recalling that angelic spirit, the way she alighted with her wreath, I cannot but wonder at grandfathers who knew what Liberty looked like and were certain she had a pacific *sequitur*. Obviously the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial Competition summons no ready symbol, rallies artists to no easy slogan.

Dead though the old symbol is, the big classic temple sheltering silent inscriptions, a sculptural portrait, and pale allegorical paintings remains the image of a memorial for most of the American public, including Congress. One more such Golden Calf raised to Roosevelt would be a national disaster. No classic building, nor indeed any building, can be made to stand between the Jefferson and Lincoln Memorials without interefering with them and disturbing the vistas from the Washington Monument. And, beyond the demands made by the site, American society clamors for its own stimulants, the rhetoric of inspiration, the message of discontent, not classical soporifics. To speak of man today, our symbols must be fashioned out of our elemental insight into earth, fire, water, and air; they stand an excellent chance to do so if official patronage will only refrain from insisting upon the columns, obelisks, and spires of yesterday—but little recent evidence suggests that the public and Congress, who must finance F.D.R.'s monument, are eager to allow the art of our times to shape an environment expressive of modern science and humanism.

INDEED, however hopefully we watch the stages of the competition, it is difficult to suppress our trepidation. Some young artists,

whom competitions are expected to discover, may remain indifferent. A Boston sculptor, unvexed, shrugs the whole challenge aside: "I'm feeling very un-Roosevelt—not pro, not anti, just un." New Yorkers and Chicagoans are making nobler starts: momentarily, their imaginations race through the vocabulary of modern form, seeking a conoid or paraboloid to drop among the classic giants on the landscape. Unable to deliver a shape not already defiled by tawdry uses, they dream of restful gardens and dashing fountains, surely a statue, and perhaps a pedestrian path fashioned as a political way-of-the-cross with inscriptions of the Four Freedoms and Fireside Chats; or, on a modern note, beacons and chimes and pyrotechnic, chromatic chords to ruffle the night. As the magic lights and sounds subside, they give way to humor: a cigarette holder tilted jauntily at the sky; Fala, ears cocked at the loud-speaker on the White House hearth; a restroom, the Jefferson Memorial—Wright said it was that!—with the Roosevelt Memorial Restaurant attached and a sign, "Caterers to Royalty, Hot Dogs Our Specialty." Such cartoons, the banter of the drafting-room, are not intended to be blasphemous; they are the tension-breaking release for energies not yet focussed on a viable theme.

The false starts, the hesitancies, the humor do not proceed from dissatisfaction with the competition's sponsoring commission, which is estimable, nor with the constituency of the jury for awards, who, in this instance, are known to aim at quality. Rather, the artist is suspicious of American taste, he is uncertain of Roosevelt's meaning, and he is baffled by unsolved problems within his own art.

The most recent evidence of national memorial taste, the Taft carillon beside the Capitol, fails to hearten the artist who relishes the beautiful natural geometries modern science discloses, who cherishes fine proportions and scale. It seems to be the latest banality in a line leading backward through General Grant's Tomb at New York to Greenough's statue of Washington, an enthroned Roman god, that once occupied the Capitol but now, mercifully, presides over a lesser room in the Smithsonian. At Kansas City, the colossal Liberty Memorial leaves us unimpressed save by the enormity of walls and stairs. No artist can fail to wonder at a people who carve Presidents' heads on Mt. Rushmore and stamp the Lord's Prayer on the backs of carnival pennies.

Nor, seeking happier evidence, can the artist sense a nation that endows the reverable with permanence. The senescent appliance, the obsolete die, the oscillating fashion in automobiles and haberdashery are tokens of a Kleenex civilization that uses and discards. Enormous talent is expended upon transitory spectacles with messages seldom worth televising more than once. Even the benevolent art occasioned by the private corporation's marriage with advertising does not often provide permanent, fine spaces; rather, from its entrance lobby to its warren of jumbled rooms behind each receptionist, the new office building is a house of cards with flimsy, dismantleable partitions, waiting to be swept

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A Non-Communist Manifesto

THE STAGES OF ECONOMIC GROWTH

by W. W. ROSTOW

Karl Marx asked some pretty good questions, but came up with wrong answers. Rostow gives the five stages that nations must go through, from the traditional, through "take-off" to high mass consumption. He shows how this must affect the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., and the problem of peace.

"The most stimulating contribution to political and economic discussion made by any academic economist since the war."
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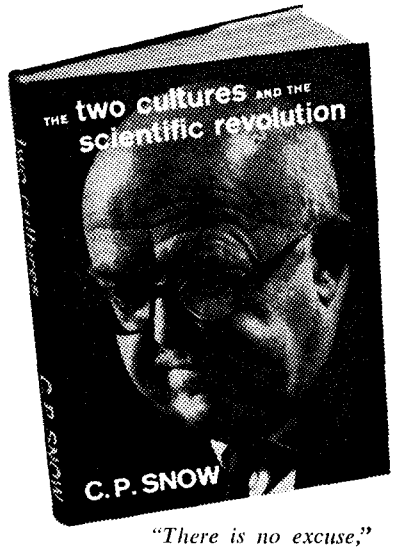

"There is no excuse," writes Snow, *"not to know that this is the one way out through the three menaces which stand in our way—H-bomb war, overpopulation, the gap between rich and poor....The worst crime is innocence...we have very little time."* *$1.75*

Cambridge University Press

away and rearranged for tomorrow's occupant if he will pay more for each square foot. The real pay-off, ironically, comes in Washington itself, indeed on the site now proposed for the new Memorial, where ugly office buildings, labeled "Temporary," have defaced the Mall since the First World War.

MEANWHILE, architects have seen some of their finest heirlooms disappear. True, we occasionally recall our past: we prop up a log cabin, repoint the bricks of the Moravian Village at Winston-Salem, and rebuild a Williamsburg that never existed. But those reminiscences are seldom memorable for their quality as form. Having originally built ephemerally and banally for nascent institutions, having continued on the frontiers to erect the expedient to house the exigent, we do not find our monuments in fine buildings whose meaning has slowly sunk into the national conscience. We pull them out of thin air, setting what we value high upon pedestals unswept by the tides of change and thus remote from the life we lead.

But even when we do try to absolve our national sin by awarding permanence to a few transcendent ideas, public patrons of the arts show little understanding of quality. So flagrantly confused is Washington on this matter that the monument to Iwo Jima was aimed at faithfully reproducing a scene that was superbly stirring as a photograph but lamentably vulgar as a colossus. Art in our day does not seem to survive Federal patronage, and if the list of our commendable embassies and exhibitions overseas now testifies to the high talents in America, the list of failures at home is the more disappointing. Fine artists and architects throughout the country still smart from the blows they received at the hands of a Congress or Federal commission intent upon matching amateur taste against the prize-winning design for the Smithsonian Institution (rejected), the professional advice not to move the East Front of the Capitol (rejected), the brilliant Chapel for the Air Force Academy (accepted but after prolonged controversy). Meanwhile Pentagons and Taft Memorials and a hybrid classic Smithsonian slipped easily into the Washington scene, as though quality were a function of style, a hallmark especially of classic style.

But if the style of the new memorial is expected to harmonize with that of its classic neighbors, then truly the competition is lost, as we learn on every college campus where mistaken ideas of coherence among buildings force modern architects to simulate some Gothic Old Main or Founder's Hall. Coherence is a function of balances, rhythms, proportions, scales—composition, in short,

in whatever style. Style is society's language of mass and plane and space as current beliefs and current technology shape them. If we seek to be represented by quality, we must now encourage artists to compose skillfully in today's language. Unfortunately, that condition for great art has already suffered, for, however its jury may interpret "harmony," the new competition is open only to Americans, therefore to a search not for quality unqualified, but for American ideas and, we suspect, for an "American" style which, in spite of the awards the excellent jury may make, may still result in one more mute, classical monument.

THAT POSSIBILITY for disappointment intensifies the artist's concern over the "essential Roosevelt" who is to be memorialized. The most powerful monuments stand as testimonials to a faith, to a courage, to a tragedy at its climax. A barrow or cairn marks the hour when heroism hallowed the soil. But Roosevelt had no summit hour, no moment of promise snatched by premature

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death, no tragic embrace with an assassin. Nor did he mark with meaning a place of national disaster, whether the Depression or Pearl Harbor. It is the sense of place that moves us at Gettysburg and in the litany Lincoln spoke there. It is the sense of place that overwhelms us at the Nazis' murderous machine-gunning of Roman citizens in the Ardeatina caves. But, for Roosevelt, the earth at Washington says less than the lawns of Campobello and Hyde Park.

Still, monuments may speak of a man, even if they are great national institutions. The Colosseum and Amiens Cathedral are monuments, though their memorial function is history's abstraction, just as the rusting barbed wire and grim barracks at Auschwitz and Buchenwald are now monuments to inhuman brutalities, demonic tortures heretofore assigned to gods alone. But none is personal; all are testimonials to ideas, and surely that suggests hope for the Roosevelt Memorial.

In fact we already have his monuments: if not the U.N., what better than the great Hiwassee Dam of the TVA? If such admirable instruments of his program for social welfare must now be implemented by a monument at Washington, why not make it a useful one? Obviously, a memorial bridge, or theater, or auditorium is not suitable, however needed, nor do such utilities, peripheral as they are to society's deepest

purpose, withstand the ravages of time and changing use. But still we have, even in Washington, living memorials to ideas, the Pan-American Union, for example, where Elihu Root's triumph of diplomacy is brilliantly housed in Paul Cret's superb classic building. The ideas F.D.R. stood for suggest a memorial institution: a center for the study of urban problems, for example, since no Federal agency has continued those brilliant studies of the metropolis begun by Roosevelt and his uncle, Frederick Delano, twenty-five years ago.

That an institution dedicated to an idea can be beautifully housed, we know from William Wurster's Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Palo Alto and Kenzo Tange's Peace Hall at Hiroshima. Hopes for a similar success at Washington cannot be entertained, for architecture cannot arise until the institution demands it, and, furthermore, the Roosevelt Memorial's site, while entirely ample, is incompatible with useful functions. Solely in being monumental, the site suggests, the memorial will gain sufficient utility—which conceals an irony: that the champion of an American welfare state, the chief architect of PWA-sponsored schools, post offices, museums, libraries, and housing projects throughout the nation, will be denied an opportunity to be memorialized by an institution epitomizing his concern for social problems.

THUS OUR ARTISTS are driven to the treacherous and nebulous concept of a memorial intensely expressive of Roosevelt the Man, not his ideas. Possessed, as no classic or medieval people were, with the idea that the individual is of godly historic consequence—not the archetype of a leader, a saint, or a prince, but a hero deserving veneration—we naturally jump at the Roosevelt biographies to find some telling portrait: the confident figure in magnificent cape cruising to the North Atlantic; the buoyant campaigner greeting voters from his open phaeton—some image that captures the man of great personal courage, the man who had a way of quelling fear. Yet the time is too soon for the image to rise untainted by frailties, to shake the slander which is the Presidency's ordeal. We see now, a majestic Lincoln, purified of frontier brawls, family dissensions, and political tactic, and it is the function of art so to transform reality, to hallow it, to dramatize it, to make the very

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THE REPORTER Puzzle 8

by **HENRY ALLEN**

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A. 128 43 100 209 29 153

Husband of Priscilla, who accompanied St. Paul on his journey to Ephesus.

B. 15 107 51 170 179 181

Poet, anthologist, biographer of Ben Shahn.

C. 211 144 187 19 205 89

Largest island of an important volcanic group. Colonized by the Greeks and later held by Carthage and Rome.

D. 91 96 219 207 142 7 112 175 1 201

Characteristic of the spondee. (4, 6)

E. 121 31 195 84 47 137 23

Self-contained, narrow, or prejudiced in feelings or manners.

F. 199 98 173 197 133 126 169 25 9

Describing calendar, year, code, telescope, Armenian, or a member of an 18th century English society.

G. 82 119 203 135 45 77 33 189 183

114 13 225

Features of the Inquisition. (6, 6)

H. 103 35 5 149 217 57 130

Italian poet and diplomat, 1474-1533.

I. 3 37 151 53 221 64 17

Nautical bulge used in naval construction to minimize the effect of a torpedo hit.

J. 123 213 73 193 87

". . . .the monitor expressed/Mysterious _____ with its native sea." Wordsworth, The Excursion, Bk iv, 1, 1132

K. 21 93 49 191 117 223 75 167

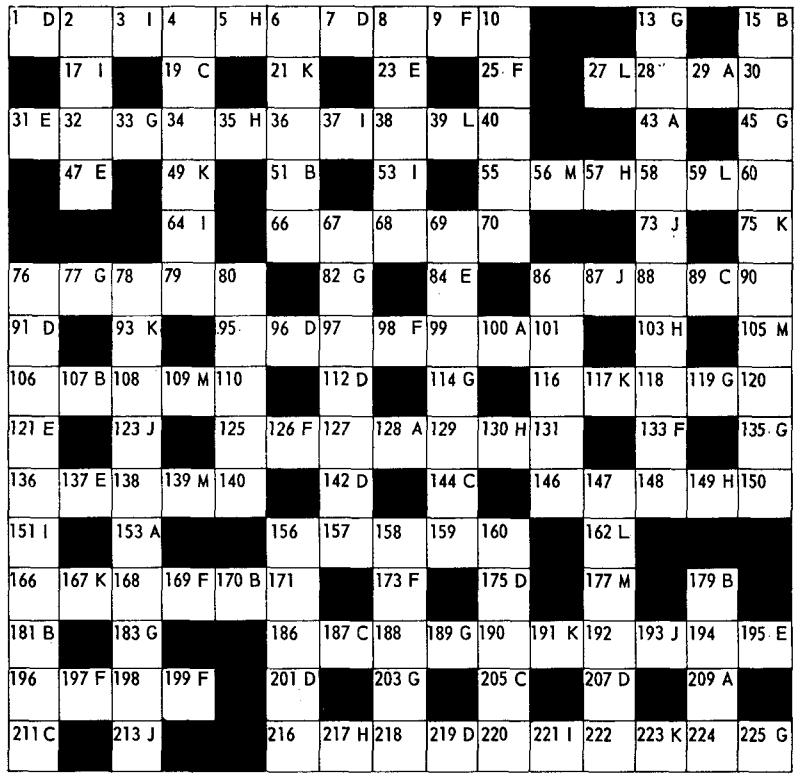
Place of lengthy retirement for a military unit. (4, 4)

L. 27 162 59 39

"If she first meet the curled Antony,/He'll make demand of her, and spend that_____/ Which is my heaven to have." Antony and *Cleopatra*, V, *ii*.

M. 109 177 56 139 105

To fix firmly in a surrounding mass of material.



ACROSS

1. I'm about in gin butts and giving up.
27. Metric weight that's a knock out with '49.
31. Tail Saturn to this scientist.
55. Thick tube, so watch the angle.
66. Either omit one or get a pain killer.
76. Mother of Adonis used as a gift of the Magi.
86. You may find I am rich in copra and jute.
95. One score more than needed to occupy to excess.
106. To know them is to know how to change prose.
116. Did the date of the Century?
125. Behead this capital crime to make good sense.
136. Fruits of engagements?
146. Sin or solecism.
156. Followed by 186 across, the Acrostician's job, not kinds of abdominal surgery.
166. Best Italian form of imp too.
186. See 156 across.
196. Excited in a go-getter.
216. Necessities for sales with Gertrude or Leo.

DOWN

2. Mountains in your almanac.
4. Repeating rifle used by the Boers and us in the Latin Sea.
6. Commerce was once rated.
8. Kind of linen; his is upset about Rhode Island.
10. Rag about to change one kind of bowl.
13. Cockney pound in plait or braid for cleaner-upper.
15. A red color which apparently make a girl more frantic. (4, 6)
67. An Austrian Empress sat here.
69. The World Island without Africa where you can be found in air and sea.
76. Southern dream in oil.
78. Cassio's, immortal part, but changes are put on it.
80. Shots given by these entertainers!
86. Silly? That is Ann all right.
147. Ancient Ariminum on the Adriatic while I'm in R.I.
156. Arab *garment* without weed becomes a kind of neck wear.
158. Lets out in brave erstwhile manner
160. Acquire knowledge and earn after fifty.
179. Blue nail.

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heavens pour out fire when mad King Lear lurches into the night.

Art is not fidelity: it is myth-making, and although the myth already popularly embraces Roosevelt as stayer of the Depression, it has not yet decided between the man of quick and noble decision and the disputed man of Yalta—nor have we assurance that our long experience in abstract art has nurtured sculptors and painters who should dare to declare the myth. At worst, we shall gain an insipid portrait like the Roosevelt Monument in London's Grosvenor Square.

RECENT visual arts, which promise a great future, have not often solved problems of monumentality successfully. Too often the architect forgets the lesson of the Lincoln Memorial—that a building may be merely a serene vessel for a fine statue—and aims instead at an ar-

resting plastic form intended to suffice as its own sculpture, even if it is a contrived and vapid Trylon and Perisphere. Still, when he seeks symbolism in an unusual geometry the architect receives no mandate that society will protect his symbol's integrity and that it will not appear tomorrow as the emblem of a gasoline station or diner. Attempting to avoid such pilfering, the architect may be driven to invent something unique, refusing to subordinate himself and succumbing to that quest for originality which prevents the perfecting of a new Parthenon through centuries of use. There is now some evidence in the buildings of Minoru Yamasaki and Edward Stone that modern architecture, too, has passed into a classic stage, but there is less evidence that any architect in America has the skill of the Finn, Alvar Aalto, or the Dane, Arne Jacobsen, in handling the syncopated rhythms and occult balances that the site for the memorial at Washington requires.

Furthermore, relating the arts remains troublesome. With good reason, the modern painter has sought the riches of intense visual experience, and he has denounced the kind of allegorical painting that appears in the two unfortunate side chambers in the Lincoln Memorial. In his retreat from literary inspiration, he has gained an admirable victory by providing patterns, textures, and colors of enormous impact, but the new halls of UNESCO in Paris affirm that even the best artists may not understand how murals work within a space.

Lacking a base in a common metaphysics, the arts today are prevented from giving full and exact expression of meaning. When they are not merely decorative, they offer personal vagaries as universal truths or, seeking a universality, they present white emptiness as a bland consensus, a void of timid noncommitment. Yet, rightly designed, a void, perhaps, a meditative rest from restless Washington, might be the best memorial to Roosevelt: a quiet plaza with a simple sculpture stating a powerful idea, like the abstract, steel-cage "The Political Prisoner" in London, made by the Italian, Mirko. Preferably such "voids" should be carved throughout urban America, but the competition does not suggest that further dream.

ONLY BY TRYING will we find the language to speak our beliefs for our time, not our grandfathers'. The competition is bound to result in failure if its artists and patrons fail to see that the site, its neighbors, the subject, and the potentialities of modern art all demand a new, not a traditional monument. If, as I suspect, the public taste may still prevent a fine design from being built, the competition is nonetheless worthwhile, for it may serve, as I intend my remarks, to provoke a climate receptive to admirable national art. That stimulus should now be kindled nationally, for it has been the glory of the artist that he can outleap his time and create the wonderful, even where critics expect only the probable.

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Balanchinoiserie

FRED GRUNFELD

A FOOLISH consistency, George Balanchine reminds us again in his latest ballet, is the hobgoblin of little minds, and since he thinks capaciously, the results can accommodate any number of *non sequiturs* quite comfortably. When it was announced early this year that the New York City Ballet would produce a work in honor of the current International Congress of Iranian Art and Archeology, the unwary naturally assumed that a new *Scheherazade* was in the making, and that Balanchine would resort to some of the nearly Near Eastern music of Borodin or Rimsky-Korsakov. Instead, *The Figure in the Carpet* turned out to be a ballet of sublime inconsistency, with Persian décor suggesting the glories of Shah Tahmasp, music that George Frederick Handel wrote for the appreciative ear of George I, French costumes courtesy of Louis XIV, and dances representing the West Indies, Spain, and Africa, among others. Withal, *The Figure* achieves the most convincing unity.

One of Balanchine's favorite metaphors has it that "Ballet should be like a flower garden." As the gardener with the greenest thumb in the history of choreography, he has abandoned the quaint old story lines that gave *Giselle* the willies and relies on music as the motivating force, as the breeze that will make his ballerinas dance like Wordsworth's daffodils. According to the Iranian art experts, however, the most brilliant flowers of the desert are the man-made symbols of fertility which the tribesmen wove into their Persian carpets with such marvelous art that the gods were compelled to send rain as a reward. Intrigued by this idea, Balanchine has used it as the basis for a series of abstract dance patterns that spell out an allegory on the eternal interplay between nature and mankind. Girls in beige, like grains of shifting sand, arrange and rearrange themselves in the swirling opening sections, set to Handel's *Fireworks Music,* and Violette Verdy is the bewitching shuttle who weaves the carpet among the strands of time.

As the orchestra proceeds from the *Fireworks* to the *Water Music,* the scene is drenched with a sudden downpour of bold colors. At the Persian palace, with the hanging carpet descended into place, the prince and princess receive foreign ambassadors, much as they would in *Aurora's Wedding,* for example, or the *Nutcracker* divertissement. Stylistically, Balanchine now shifts to the perfumed court of Versailles under the Sun King. Esteban Francés, the designer of both scenery and costumes, has lifted several pages from the archives of the historic Académie Royale, for which the fabled Jean Bérain designed the costumes—even the plumed headgear and serrated tunics worn by Louis XIV when he appeared personally in his court ballets. Nothing quite like this *fête galante* has ever

been seen on the stage of the City Center. Handel's music, far from being at odds with the atmosphere of the spectacle, underscores it with just the right mixture of elegance, stateliness, and wit; it animates the dancers the way a fresh morning wind billows out the petals on a rose bush. And Balanchine never misses a Handel-given opportunity for gentle parody. The German flute, caught unawares, obligingly sounds like a Chinese pipe for the ambassadors from Cathay, Patricia McBride and Nicholas Magallanes, and an innocent gigue from the *Water Music* serves Diana Adams and four Scottish lairds as a sort of cross between a Strathspey reel and a Highland fling. As the climax of this ethnological ingathering, Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise perform a *grand pas de deux,* a complex and demanding composi-

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tion, and then a fountain suddenly bursts forth: the figure and the music have done their work.

LASTING nearly an hour, *The Figure* represents a distinct departure from the austere economy pattern followed by other recent additions to the New York City Ballet repertoire. As the apostle of "pure" dance, and because his company is chronically short of funds, Balanchine has created few ballet spectacles. Concentrating his resources on the two essentials, dancing and music, he has usually skimped in matters of décor to the point where the simplest of costumes and the plain blue backdrop have become a personal trademark. Audiences, who still yearn for the story ballets, the comfortable staples of the repertoire, are unwilling or perhaps unable to follow Balanchine so far up the slopes of Parnassus, and they have registered their reluctance at the box office.

Only a die-hard conservative could seriously demand a return to the outworn formulas of yesterday's ballets, but the Balanchine company is open to criticism on certain other grounds. In his single-minded devotion to choreography, he has neglected an element that once made ballet a focal point in the twentieth-century arts. During the golden era of Sergei Diaghileff it was not merely the dancing, but rather the interaction of painters, choreographers, composers, and poets who collaborated and fought with each other under the impresario's watchful eye that accounted for the overwhelming impact of the Ballets Russes. Diaghileff used his company to nurture such painters as Benois, Rouault, de Chirico, Braque, Gris, and Miró, and such composers as Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Falla, Ravel, and Poulenc. Satie, Massine, Cocteau, and Picasso could work together, more or less harmoniously, on a single ballet. Balanchine, though himself the most distinguished graduate of the Diaghileff company, has never followed suit; he has developed dance composition to a degree unequaled by any other choreographer, but the scope of his work is far more limited. Last season's *Pan America* evening, which offered what seemed like a splendid opportunity to commission some exciting new material from Latin American composers known for their danceable rhythms, was put together instead from various existing scores that were largely unsuited to their purpose. To talk about "Ballet's present Eden," as W. H. Auden has recently, seems a trifle premature. But when all is danced and done, the New York City Ballet does emerge as the most dynamic force in its field, and as one of the most vital organizations in a city that prides itself on being, if not the brain center, at least the solar plexus of world art. It gives every sign of successfully resisting the blandishments of the communications industry, and Balanchine's gentle autocracy bears far more impressive fruit than the current régimes of our older cultural institutions, which appear to be guided by committees of public safety. *The Figure in the Carpet*, with its refreshing stagecraft and design, its audacious mixture of styles and sensations, is a notable case in point.

THE SEASON'S other novelty, a Balanchine *pas de deux* for Violette Verdy and Conrad Ludlow, introduced a frothy Tchaikovsky score that had never seen the light of day and only recently found its way out of some dusty cupboard in the Tchaikovsky Museum. Few ballerinas get to dance Tchaikovsky premières in these times, and Miss Verdy made the most of her rare assignment; she has an abiding grace and a superb sense of phrasing that lend a Mozartean lightness to all of her roles. The early part of the season, in fact, was a string of Verdy triumphs. A number of accidents and illnesses removed most of the leading ladies from the roster, and Miss Verdy—who appears to muster the strength of six or seven—stepped in to replace them at last minute notice. During the first week she danced solo parts in no fewer than seventeen ballets, setting an endurance record for the City Center. In such works as *Firebird, Night Shadow*, and *Gounod Symphony*, her charm reached across the footlights and conveyed the very essence of the dancing will. It was like watching a summer garden in full bloom.

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The Education of T. S. Matthews

ALFRED KAZIN

NAME AND ADDRESS, by T. S. Matthews. *Simon and Schuster. $4.50.*

Autobiography used to be a success story: "In 1890 I founded the Doolittle Metal Works, which, I am happy to say, employs 39,000 industrious and smiling Americans; after my retirement, my third son-in-law took charge of the main office." Now it tends to be written by people, of any age and material condition, who know that they haven't altogether made it. For them autobiography is frankly an effort to arrive at an encouraging new definition of themselves, a way of analyzing themselves through the relentless and public confrontation of their own experience.

In our shaky world people who can even talk about themselves as "successes" tend to be third-raters; so it is a temptation to believe in those people who have every material reason to feel successful, but don't. But there are as many bad, trivial, and private reasons for feeling oneself a failure as there are distinguished reasons—heresy, original gifts—for being considered one in the eyes of society.

It would be too much to say, from the evidence of his autobiography, that T. S. Matthews feels like a failure; let us say that though he has had every reason to feel that the world is his oyster, he doesn't. His father was wealthy and Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey; his mother was a Procter (of Procter and Gamble); after St. Paul's, Princeton, Oxford, he went to the *New Republic* (the *old New Republic* led by Herbert Croly, which had probably the most distinguished editorial board in American magazine history); in 1929 he went to *Time* when it was still a bit of a college-boy stunt instead of the truculently smug organ that it is now, and eventually he became its managing editor and for a brief period enjoyed the loftier but empty position of "Editor." Eventually, after a series of disagreements with Luce starting from Matthews's opposition to a mean cover story on Stevenson during the 1952 elections, Matthews lost all power on *Time,* and after being sent abroad to investigate the possibility of starting a British version of *Time,* he resigned.

IN SHORT, like another Henry Adams, T. S. Matthews would seem to have only American society to blame for his failure. And it is true enough that if Matthews lives in London today, more or less expatriated, writing acidly about newspapers and magazines, one reason for his dissatisfaction, an excellent reason, is that after working so close to the press most of his life, T. S. Matthews has come to doubt the usefulness of the press, thinks of it as an instrument of entertainment, not of information, "a sugar pill and not our daily bread." Moreover, like so many sensitive Americans brought up to believe in the revolutionary example of this Republic, he is increasingly disgusted with the example that we actually set. ". . . . I shouldn't like to be compelled . . . to live in the United States. For this is not my day in America. . . This day belongs to the '100 percenters,' the new-rich Texans, the Madison Avenue boys, the professional patriots, the organization men. . . . the dogs that eat dogs. If they have really taken over America, and taken it over for keeps, then I think the American experiment has failed. The dinosaur, its tiny brain still dreaming of paradisal forests, is plodding witlessly towards the asphalt lake." He was scared by how much popular opinion in America McCarthy reflected. " 'McCarthyism' is not dead; it existed long before McCarthy and will long survive him, under different names and other auspices. Like the hysteria it feeds on, it lies, a quiescent but

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The Jefferson Image in the American Mind

By MERRILL D. PETERSON

Through the years the image of Jefferson has assumed many faces — aristocrat, democrat, liberal, conservative, philosopher, politician. In uncovering the meaning of this image Professor Peterson sheds light on the factors of democracy, tradition, ideology, partisanship, myth, and hero-worship inherent in the development of American history. $8.50

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malignant growth, under the thin American skin."

There are good reasons to view things here with a fairly jaundiced eye, to enjoy in London a civilized withdrawl from "the dogs that eat dogs." Yet the greater part of Mr. Matthews's self-portrait—not only the disproportionate part on childhood and youth, but his account of working with Edmund Wilson on the *New Republic* and Henry Luce on *Time*—bears out my suspicion that Mr. Matthews's real struggle, most of his life, has been with authority, with those whom our current lingo has learned to call "father figures," with those who are not wicked, just stronger.

MR. MATTHEWS is a bit of an anachronism; he grew up in a world of religious orthodoxy, parental tyrants, horrid respectability. Nowadays so many parents look to their children for "friendship," are so utterly lacking in that sense of tradition whose authority parents used to represent to their children, that one recognizes among many young people the psychological stigmata of feeling lost rather than the old-fashioned neuroses that came from uncompleted rebellions against convention and authority. How can you rebel without stronger figures to resent, churches that you *had* to go to, schools that hazed you? Mr. Matthews had all that, and I read of his early life with sympathetic recognition, almost with gratitude to hear again of so much old-fashioned tyranny. I also had the uncomfortable recognition that the battles Tom Matthews lost to Edmund Wilson and to Henry Luce were lost first on the playing fields of Cincinnati and Princeton. The Bishop is straight out of Clarence Day's *Life With Father*, only harder, more powerful, and not funny. He made a scene every morning at breakfast; with tennis racket poised to serve, he would coldly wait at the base line for his son to bounce the balls exactly into his hand, and if he didn't catch a ball, he would wait until young Tom had retrieved it and bounced it back to him again. T. S. Matthews was sensitive and literary, and he certainly built up a lot of misery for himself in the unequal struggle with first the redoubtable papa and then old-fashioned teachers at a time when on Sunday a master at so fine a school as St. Paul's could take the boys to the lunatic asylum—*pour le sport*. It was perhaps not entirely the fault of Edmund Wilson and of Henry Luce that in his conflicts with them T. S. Matthews rather expected to lose.

The portrait of Wilson in this book seems to me weak in its spite, spiteful in its weakness. For as Matthews admits, he had been virtually a protégé of Wilson's on the *New Republic*. Matthews plays up Wilson's eccentricities of manner and speech, but on the *New Republic* or off it, Wilson upheld a standard of literary and intellectual distinction that, as Matthews certainly felt, made American writers proud of him. The other day I heard a present editor of *Time* say with admiration that Wilson was "the most uninfluenceable" writer he had ever known. And it is perfectly obvious that Wilson's staunchness, his refusal to knuckle under to anyone, his old-fashioned downrightness and exactingness, are more reminiscent of a bishop than of a literary finagler passing out compliments at a cocktail party. In his conflicts with Wilson, Matthews came out feeling small and injured. But it is interesting that he should write in so malicious a tone about a man whose external manner is the mark of an absorbed and dedicated intellect—the rarest of all virtues in this culture of "Madison Avenue boys" that Matthews claims he objects to.

WHEN he was managing editor, Matthews sent to Luce and the top people on *Time* a devastating analysis of their magazine that Wilson had originally published in the Princeton University *Library Chronicle*. Matthews says that he sent this around "on the principle that enemies are better critics than friends," and adds, with the suspicion of a smirk, that he got no reply. I rather suspect that sending Wilson's essay around was a sneak attack on *Time* by Matthews himself, a man who felt intellectually superior to it but was helplessly fascinated by its perverse interest in style. And it is perfectly clear from the long account Matthews gives of his difficulties with Henry Luce that they arose because

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Luce knew his own mind and Matthews didn't.

Matthews worked more than twenty years on *Time;* for six of those years he was managing editor, the final clearing house for copy. He worked as much as seventy hours a week on a five-day basis, and he explains that just as it was the promise of uniting poetry with journalism that first brought him to *Time,* later, as an editor, it was his "problem writers" who kept him there. "It was mainly they who encouraged me to feel that, however prosaic the result, the effort we made sometimes approximated the poetic. I could never be proud of any particular number . . . but sometimes I felt that we had given it a first-rate try. There were more frequent occasions when, shuffling home to bed at three in the morning, I would ask myself, 'What am I killing myself for?' " As he himself indicates, the convulsive effort put into *Time* each week had conferred upon it the mystical American virtue of teamwork, "the first-rate try." And just as T. S. Matthews, like so many fine writers, found an odd sort of literary release in the mannered prose and editorial superiority of *Time,* so, as a lower boss reporting to a chief boss, he found his greatest pleasure in pulling "the team" to the finishing line each week. "What am I killing myself for?" For Henry Luce, for approval by Luce, for a chance to bask in the smiles of all those father figures, with umpteen millions of dollars and readers behind them, who can make their editors and writers feel that they are right to try and die for good old Siwash.

MATTHEWS, painfully telling the story, says Luce's associates found it natural to become as Republican as himself. But he complains that in 1952, when Luce and his all-too-Republican underlings "sniffed victory in the air at long last, there was no holding *Time.* The distortions, suppressions and slanting of political 'news' seemed to me to pass the bounds of politics and to commit an offense against the ethics of journalism. The climax was a cover story on Adlai Stevenson . . . which was a clumsy but malign and murderously meant attack. As editor, I had taken over the editing of

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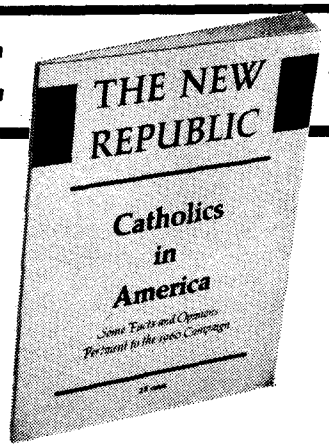

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the cover stories, so I was able to scotch this particular snake—but Luce was appealed to, and that was the last political story I was allowed to edit."

Still, Matthews became "Editor," and again was persuaded from resigning when Luce asked him to estimate the success of a British *Time*. He is plaintive about Luce's influence over him. "Why did I listen to him? Why didn't I stick to my resolve and quit, then and there? . . . Imperceptibly to me, during my years on *Time* I had gradually shed most of my original repugnance for it; or . . . [had I] grown a thicker skin? I had become so used to *Time's* ways, curt, snide, conceited as they were, that I hardly noticed them any longer." His final meeting with Luce is significantly described as a contest of unequals. "I remember bringing one haymaker right up from the floor: I told him that he was kidding himself about the power of the press; the press had no power of *accomplishment*, though it did have a negative power —to debase taste, harm individuals."

In describing his upper middle-class childhood, Matthews says of himself and his sisters, "The fact that we were different was never absent from our consciousness. We were ashamed of our timidity and our lack of sturdiness, but we despised the rest of the world for all that, and looked down on everybody who was not like us. And we were sure that nobody *was* like us." It is not just the sense of failure that one carries away from this book—it is of well-bred failure, of the sensitivity and literary flair that made Matthews see a future for himself on a writer's magazine like *Time*, a sensitivity that now permits him to identify his own failures with the increasing materialization of our society. In all this he reminds me irresistibly of his friend Adlai Stevenson; the excessive sensitivity and loftiness bred into Matthews also explains why Stevenson lost to, and is not likely to prevail over, "the new-rich Texans, the professional patriots. . . . the dogs that eat dogs." The strength with which some sons do take over is not in their muscle but in their ideas. They are not just nice liberals; they think differently. Anyone who has ever worked for Luce knows that despite the "liberal" grumbling from the staff night and day, many of the people who write for him do not have convictions sharp enough to make them give up their bread, butter, and martinis. Intellectuals usually lack ideas far more than they do courage. More and more the nice people, the "better sort," praise themselves for their vulnerability and find distinction in their failure. Unfortunately, the nice people are not even nice all the way. They are petulant and resentful. They try to take advantage.

T. S. Matthews, who is almost sixty, wants his readers to know that when Edmund Wilson was a little boy, his parents, worried about his excessive bookishness, put him into a baseball suit and gave him a baseball outfit. Young Wilson promptly gave away the outfit and sat himself under a tree with a book. Brave Edmund Wilson!

A Long Way from Tipperary

JOHN V. KELLEHER

To the Golden Door, by George Potter. *Little, Brown. $6.50.*

My earliest acquaintance with Irish-American history of the written variety was gained from the sort of articles that used to appear in minor Catholic magazines or in the Boston Sunday papers. They were turgid little essays on the fact that the Continental Army was seventy-six per cent Irish, or that many of George Washington's closest friends were nuns and priests, or that Lincoln got the major ideas for the Second Inaugural Address from the Hon. Francis P. Mageoghegan of Alpaca, New York, a pioneer manufacturer of cast-iron rosary beads. As I remember, nobody seemed to take these articles very seriously. Sometimes I got the impression that nobody but me ever read them. They were the last offerings of stale editorial tribute to the irascible jealousy of that part of the Irish-American reading public that wrote letters to the editor. About thirty years ago they began to vanish from the Boston papers, and no editors were lynched. Now one is rarely seen, even around March 17. I wonder whose is the major component in the Continental Army these days.

Oral Irish-American history was a different matter. It dealt mainly with bitterly resented instances of Yankee discrimination and insult, but there was a strong sub-theme of breast beating. This or that thick Mick who had disgraced us all, who had given the whole race an undeserved bad name, would be recalled and his memory execrated. You couldn't, it would be agreed, altogether blame the Yankees, with that sort of article parading around in front of them. But . . . oh, couldn't you! . . . and with that, another insult, still infuriating after forty years, would rise to the surface. Curiously, there was little in all this about the ordinary details of life or work in the old days. Economic exploitation might be mentioned but it was rarely dilated upon. I got the impression that existence had been at once difficult and dull, and that there had been little about it that anyone wanted to remember. Life had really begun after the turn of the century, when the general breakthrough into American acceptance had been made. The chief remaining complication was what to do about the ignorant damned foreigners who were coming in and ruining everything.

Mr. Potter's *To the Golden Door* is a history of the American Irish up to 1861. As I glanced through it the first time, my suspicions were aroused. I seemed to detect a recurrence of the there's-always-an-Irishman-at-the-bottom-of-it-doing-the-real-work approach to American history; and I sensed that the author's motivation for writing the book was heavily conditioned by the old resentment-apology mixture. Closer examination showed me I was wrong. Of the many biographical fragments collected by Mr. Potter only a few deal with successes

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like the Hon. F.P.M. His interest was in the ordinary individual about whom we do not know whether he failed or succeeded because we can see him only for an instant in a letter, a court record, a newspaper paragraph. Despite this fine awareness that men are all individuals, the book deals mainly with Irishmen in the mass, because that is the way they mainly appear in the source material—a gang of Irish working on the railroad, a swarm of immigrants dumped at a port, a new Catholic congregation, a militia company, a slum with its inhabitants, a dire faceless threat to the American way of life. But every reader will soon be forced to realize that the subject before him is not trends and problems but people with names, faces, hopes, and, at that distant time, futures.

The book has its share of faults. As might be guessed from the title of its opening section, "The Top o' the Morning," the introductory survey of Irish history is spotty and rather romanticized. Due no doubt to Mr. Potter's having died last year, all scholarly apparatus is lacking except for an index of proper names, so that often there is no way of identifying the source of a quotation or estimating its reliability—which is indeed unfortunate, for the author's research was thorough and his material rich.

But as I see it, the major difficuty stems from an ambivalence between

a natural scholarly impartiality and an urge to explain the Irish and to justify them as Americans. The explanation seems to rest upon a belief that the Irish as a group can be identified at any time by certain personal characteristics—as, say, the witty, warm-hearted, pugnacious Irishman. The justification is that these were mostly attributes well worth adding to the American character (especially in New England) and that, if the Irish were frequently hard to put up with, they paid their way from the start, and painfully, as cheap expendable labor that the native Americans hesitated neither to exploit nor meanly affront. Because Mr. Potter was avid for fact and because he would not distort fact, though sometimes he minimized it, his argument is often shown up as inadequate by the documentation, and the documentation is as often blurred by the argument. An example is his explanation of Irish anti-Abolitionism. The Irish stand on that squared with no good characteristics and, even if explained, cannot be excused. Apart from these weaknesses, the book is rich, vivid, and valuable: by all odds the best attempt so far at telling the story.

THE STORY is not for those who like their American history sweetened and condensed, nor is the book to be recommended as a safe assignment for civics classes in public or parochial schools. It does not show that Only in America. It shows that in America as in any other place individual courage is often overbalanced by group nastiness, and group opportunity by the stupidity of individual leaders. Time and again the reader is given a glimpse of a situation that cries out for judgment and as immediately defeats it. An Irishman faints from hunger on a street in Boston; he has come over on a "coffin ship" and his clothes are so putrid from two months in the steerage that when he is carried into a shop the people in the shop vomit. Who is responsible for him? Who is going to help him? Does he get new clothes or a job or a grave in potter's field or does he get shipped back, penniless, on the same kind of a boat? Again, a subcontractor on a canal excavation (the chances are fifty-fifty that he is Irish himself) absconds with the payroll. The unpaid Irish laborers riot and ravage till the militia quells them. Do they get their rights? No. Do they get any part of their pay? Not if the company can help it. Do they respect the law of the land? What recognition or protection do they get from the law? The answer is in either case, not much.

Like most true history, the tale, fully told, is one from which almost nobody comes off well. Nearly all charges by and against the Irish are

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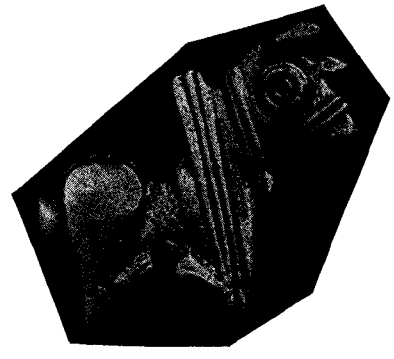

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exaggerated and nearly all are true to one degree or another. This is clearest when Mr. Potter is writing about New England, but it is not clear enough. Here his general impartiality is thrown out of plumb by his evident sympathy for the Irish and his tendency to see the Yankees even more in terms of settled characteristics. And that is too bad, for the Irish-Yankee confrontation is the richest still-unrealized tragicomedy in American history. On the one side, the Irish, fleeing from a homeland where they had been racked, robbed, and demoralized by an imposed aristocracy of Protestant, Puritan, Anglo-Saxon derivation. On the other, a Protestant, Puritan, Anglo-Saxon people who had, when the Irish arrived, just about completed a city and a society made in their own best image. More thoroughly than ever before in history the sins of the fathers were visited on the second cousins once-removed. The mutual despair and hatred reechoed from the welkin. No wonder that assimilation is not yet quite complete in and around Boston. Nor that the drama remains to be written. The dramatist would have to reimagine the tale with entire sympathy for both sides and full understanding of the two histories and unfailing consciousness of the irony.

All the way through I was reminded of a story I heard in Dublin last year. An Irish diplomat found himself seated next to an Irish-American judge at a banquet in New York. The judge was elderly, cantankerous, and xenophobic. After disposing of the Reds, the so-called intellectuals, the Jews, the Italians, and modern youth, he took up the Puerto Ricans. "There's a problem you'd never understand—these people swarming in from that Godforsaken over-populated little island. They're unbelievably ignorant. They haven't any trades or skills. Some of them can't even speak English. One of them comes up here, takes any sort of job for any kind of pay, lives cheap, saves up a few dollars and sends the fare home to bring up his brother. Pretty soon the whole damn family is here, sending for the relatives. You've got no idea how bad it is." The Irishman could not keep his diplomacy buttoned up. "How did your family come over?" he asked.

A HUNDRED YEARS from now, when the Irish Americans are a footnote in the high-school history books, perhaps a Puerto Rican judge, seated next to. . . .

America's Only Class War

GEORGE STEINER

LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL, by Leslie Fiedler. *Criterion. $8.50.*

Mr. Fiedler has a thesis. He argues that the novel is the pre-eminent form of the American imagination. The beginnings of the modern novel coincide with the beginnings of the new society. But the great tradition of American fiction—Hawthorne, Poe, Melville, Mark Twain, Faulkner—is a dark and peculiar one. The great American novelists are experts on indignity and assault, on loneliness and terror. They avoid treating the full passionate encounter of man and woman that is the very center of the classic European and Russian novel. In fact, they go to fantastic lengths of duplicity and obliqueness rather than commit their imaginings to the presence of a mature woman and mature sexual relationship. They give us instead monsters of cold virtue or licentiousness. They deal in thinly-cloaked homosexuality and voyeurism, in perversion and incest and, above all, in the constant depiction of violence. Instead of *Anna Karenina*, the American novel has produced the womanless world of *Moby Dick*; instead of *Madame Bovary*, it has brought forth *Sanctuary*. Why?

Mr. Fiedler tells us. The political and social history of the United States produced certain special guilts and these in turn are reflected in the blackness of the American novel. A dream of innocence had

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sent Europeans across the ocean to build a new society immune from the traumas and evils of the past. But the cruel fanaticism of Puritan theocracy planted deep in the American psyche a fear of sex. The slaughter of the Indians and the abominations of slavery sullied the upsurge of the new world. The Civil War and the social injustices of rampaging capitalism showed that the great evils of political life had also crossed the seas. The dream went sour and the American writer responded with special bitterness to the growing disparity between the professed ideals of the new Utopia and the actual conditions of American life. The heroes of American fiction are creatures banished from the Eden of their hopes.

To get the message of darkness and revulsion one must only know how to read between the lines. American novelists are masters of ambiguity. Beneath the cheerful surface of *The Last of the Mohicans* lurks Cooper's wild fear of miscegenation. Even in the Happy Hunting Grounds, Uncas may not be reunited with Cora. The intense and complex masculine friendships that characterize so much of American fiction—the Deerslayer and his Indian companion, Queequeg and Ishmael, Huck and Jim—are relations between men of different color in which the American psyche works out its double trauma of race and sex. The great beasts whom the American hero must pursue in actual and symbolic chase, the White Whale, the giant Bear in Faulkner, Hemingway's big fish or big lion, are totemic, and the hunt itself is an initiation to complete manhood. Flaubert's young men conquer their first mistress; the heroes of Cooper, Hemingway, and Faulkner are blooded in solemn rite after their first kill. The American novelist is cunning as a serpent in the garden of seeming innocence. The reader too must be cunning.

Now there are two things that must be said at once of this entire thesis. It is not as revolutionary as it might appear. Mr. Fiedler's principal points derive from D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*. The idea that American fiction is essentially an outgrowth of the Gothic novel and the novel of terror has been argued in detail by Richard Chase. In his *Power of Blackness*, Harry Levin has anticipated many of Mr. Fiedler's assertions about the diabolism, race trauma, and duplicity of American letters. The theory that there is at the heart of the American literary consciousness a deliberate identification of love and death was put forward by Gershom Legman in a book published in 1949. In short, Mr. Fiedler is giving a new vehemence and totality to a view of American literature that has been in the air since Lawrence's superb essays.

The second, and more important point is this: in broad outline Mr. Fiedler's thesis is hard to refute. The classic American novel *is* fraught with ambiguity and covert symbolism; it *is* full of naked violence and thinly-veiled perversion; it *does* fail to deal in a responsible or candid way with the love of grown men and women. The great emblems of American literature are the scarlet letter, the incestuous necrophilia of *The House of Usher*, Jake Barnes's impotence and the nymphomania of Brett in *The Sun Also Rises*, or the ghoulish rape of Temple in *Sanctuary*. These are the great somber works of the imagination that have given American literature right of entry into the literate world. Where American fiction seeks to deal with normal personal relations in a normal society, where it seeks to rival the art of Jane Austen or Flaubert or Tolstoy, it goes soggy. Whom can one set against Hawthorne, Poe, Melville, and Faulkner? Howells, Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Wolfe, Cozzens. The comparison is grotesquely one-sided. The genius and the mastery of language lie all on one side. When the American novelist sets out to create a full-scale normal woman he ends up with Marjorie Morningstar. These are demonstrable facts and Mr. Fiedler cannot be charged with having invented them. It was not he who created the neurosis of Hawthorne or the violence of *Light in August*.

But the defense leaps to its feet: what of Henry James? Again Mr. Fiedler is on strong ground. One

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THE INTELLECTUALS: A Controversial Portrait

Edited by George B. de Huszar

We invite the reader to a rare feast: a controversy among intellectuals about intellectuals. The selections range from the satiric wit of Kierkegaard and Valéry to the somber reflections of Dostoevsky. Presenting a remarkable and comprehensive portrait of the intellectual, drawn from the penetrating observations of men of intelligence from the French Revolution to the present, the book is designed to excite our imagination and to awaken our concern about the place of intellectuals in contemporary society.

Here are a few of the contributors:

Alexis de Tocqueville
Bertrand de Jouvenel
Hugh Seton-Watson
William Barrett
Max Ascoli
Sidney Hook
José Ortega y Gasset
Harold Laski
David Riesman
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By Morris Janowitz, University of Michigan

This book guides its readers through the maze of contradictory claims made about the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

The author describes the present organizational setting of the military establishments and their leadership, and the direction they are likely to take. The topics include the way in which old-fashioned discipline has given way to modern managerial techniques; career motivations and the career patterns of officers; the distinction between military technologists, military managers, and heroic leaders; the style of life of the military community, particularly the etiquette and ceremony adhering to the profession; the public relations of the military; and the role of retired armed forces officers in civilian life. These and other themes are used to analyze the political behavior of the American military, and to delineate the place of the military profession in an atomic age, wherein issues of *political* warfare become paramount.

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can justly point out that James disassociated himself from American fiction precisely in order to establish himself in the kind of milieu in which one could write novels in the classic European vein. Secondly, one can show how often he failed and fell back into native blackness. Only once or twice in the majestic range of his novels does a woman really come to life and is there any real grasp of a normal sexual relationship. All the native terrors, moreover, play havoc in his ghost stories. And when James dreams of a Great Good Place, it turns out to be a kind of club to which women are not admitted.

The objections to the Fiedler approach (or should one say assault?) lie elsewhere. Where he discerns the constant presence of personal neurosis and sexual ambivalence, there may in fact be a fundamental social problem of another sort. The artist in America is an outsider and eccentric nearly by definition. Hawthorne's entire career is that of a man who was deeply worried about being a mere scribbler of fancies in a society explicitly committed to the pursuit of material improvement and political power. The same is true of Poe. Hemingway trumpets his virility because there lies in back of him a social milieu in which the very word "artist" carries connotations of effeminacy or uselessness. To be an artist in America is a complex fate and it provokes the use of symbols of isolation and eccentricity.

Furthermore, Mr. Fiedler goes too far. There was plenty of darkness in Mark Twain and like most children's books, *Huckleberry Finn* does touch on some of the chords of fear and sensuous bewilderment latent in all men. But it also speaks of a real world in which violence and racial tension and the river were facts of life long before they could become ambiguous symbols. Some of Mr. Fiedler's most striking evidence, moreover, derives from fourth-rate novels. If one rejects Howells and Dreiser from consideration as major artists (and I think Mr. Fiedler is right in doing so), it is incongruent to attribute great importance to Brockden Brown, Wright Morris, and Nathaniel West. In all literatures there is a tangled undergrowth of prurience, pornography, and sadism. These elements are not peculiarly American. What is significant is the manner in which these subterranean elements surge upward into the American classics. And there are cases where Mr. Fiedler's all-embracing theory simply will not stick; Fitzgerald for one. And where politics enters the major American novel in a normal way, as it does in *Tender Is the Night*, in Hemingway and in Robert Penn Warren, Mr. Fiedler is ill at ease.

But though one may disagree profoundly with his bruising, relentless and often deliberately gross book on particular cases, and even on certain principles of method, there can be no doubt that it is a large achievement. Anyone concerned with the understanding of American literature and American morals will have to take it into account. On almost every page there is some brilliant perception or illuminating fact. What a strong light Mr. Fiedler throws both on the utter failure of the Marxist novel in America and the utter triumph of Thurber when he declares: "In this country the only class war is between the sexes!"

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #7

Acrostician—

FIDEL CASTRO

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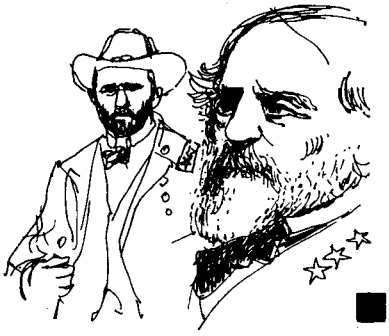

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